



APPROBATION.

THE

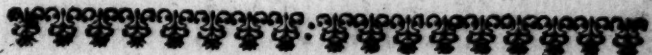
ART

Being Easy at all TIMES,
In all PLACES, &c.

AND

In all PLACES, &c.

DE SACY.





APPROBATION.

THE

I HAVE read, by Order of my Lord the *Chancellor*, a Manuscript intituled, *The ART of being EASY at all TIMES, and in all PLACES*; and I find nothing therein, but what is very useful, and proper to be made Publick.

PARIS, Sept. 20, 1714.

DE SACY.

Boureau Delandes (A. H.)
THE

R

ART

OF

Being EASY at all TIMES,

AND

In all PLACES.

Written chiefly for the Use of a
LADY of QUALITY.

Made *English* from the *French* Original
By EDWARD COMBE, A. B.
of Merton Coll. OXON.

*Est brevitato opus, ut currat Sententia, nec se
Impedias verbis lassas onerantibus aures.*

HORAT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. RIVINGTON at the Bible
and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard,
M. DCC. XXIV.

THE ART

OF

Being Easy at all Times,

AND

C. E. S.

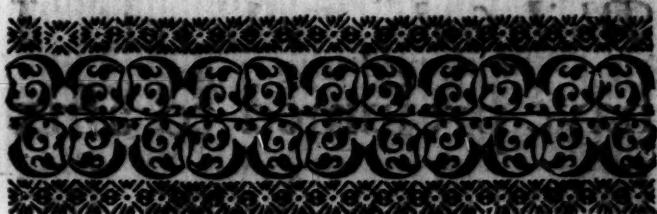


Made Easy from the French Original
BY EDWARD GOMMEL, A.D.
of H.M. Col. Genl.

The Author of the "Art of Writing" has
the honor to inform the public that
this work is now published.

LONDON.

Printed by G. Rivington in the Strand
and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard
M.DCC.XXIV.



TO

THE HONOURABLE

THOMAS WYLDE, Esq;

1700 63

SIR,



His little, but
not therefore
contemptible, Piece of

YAS I

A 4

Phi-

DEDICATION.

Philosophy, whereto I
have presumed to affix
so *worthy* a *Name*, has
beside *that Honour*, a
fair Pretence to *Novel-*
ty, at least, for its bet-
ter Recommendation.
No such *System* proba-
bly was ever published
before, either in any
learned Language, or
modern Idiom.

I SAY

DEDICATION

It is a nothing, as
the Way is, of the Me-
rit of the *Author*, much
less of the *Version*. Had
he not been so very
studiously *concise*, and
so elegantly *Sententi-*
ous, I should conceive
less Reason to appre-
hend the Success of my
Attempt. The Work
would appear more
flattering to me, and
A 5 more

DEDICATION.

more perspicuous, I am
persuaded, to a hasty
Reader. I am

With all due Respects,

Honoured SIR,

Merton-Coll.

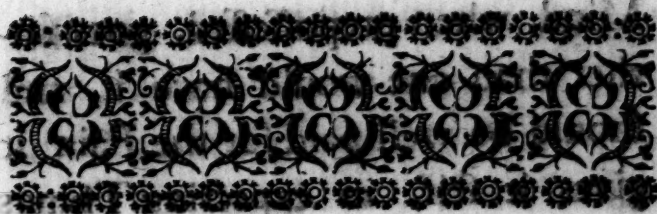
1723.

Your most Obedient


Humble Servant,

EDW. COMBE.

THE



THE PREFACE.

HE *Title* I have chosen will certainly please, but whether or no the *Book* will, is the Question ! I cannot be so vain, as to flatter my self with Success; and therefore, freely give up this *small Treatise*, to the Judgment of every impartial Reader. Ostentation is a Crime. The *Title* that seems to promise too much, does harm to the Work. The

P R E F A C E.

Mind, when prepossessed, goes farther than one would have it, and should be well paid for the Pain it gives it self, in expecting Things extremely fine.

WHAT Motives for just Apprehension! Never was Matter of more *Concernment*, than this I have undertaken to explain. All Men are subject to be *Uneasy*. Those, have most *Art*, who dextrously conceal their own *Uneasiness* from others, but yet they cannot deceive themselves. We cannot be insensible of what we feel. By its flattering Eloquence, *Self-love* would persuade us, that we are never alone; and afterwards, we would persuade others to think so too. But this Illusion easily vanishes.

P R E F A C E.

nishes. The *Mask* falls off, and our *natural Ideas* prevail. Did not CICERO presume a little too far on his own Merit, when he declared, *he was never without Company*? This Praise seemed to him to be singular, and worthy of a great Man.

THE Empire of the World has been divided betwixt *Ignorance* and *Pride*. Ignorance weakens, and intimidates Men's Spirits. How can they free themselves from what is too insipid, and identical in human Life? *Pride* will not condescend, nor be beholden: How then can it yield to those delicate Complacencies, whose flattering Variety concatenates Pleasures, and makes them succeed each other?

P R E F A C E.

These are the Causes of a *tiresome Uneasiness*; Causes that are very prolifick, and never to be exhausted. This I readily grant, though in so doing, I cannot save the Honour of Mankind.

To instruct any one then, in the *Art* of being *Easy* at all *Times*, will I hope be allowed to be an useful Attempt, and is of more Use, without doubt, than all other Things, which have been hitherto admired. We may easily be without *Eloquence*, and *History*. Man would live perhaps more happy, if he was less learned, and less cultivated, but we are *weary* and *uneasy* every where; at *Court*, as well as in the *Country*, in great *Posts*, as well as in *Obscurity*.
And

P R E F A C E.

And is it not advantageous, to be delivered from an Enemy, so much the more cruel, as he is less open and known? Conduct, and Skill, above all things, are necessary in this new Kind of *hidden War*; and these are no less the Work of a plain Study, than of a florid Imagination. I appeal to the Judgment of the greatest; I would say, to the Judgment of those, who shine amongst the most polite, of the best Breeding, and the nicest Taste.

I do not pretend to have exhausted the Subject. Not over favourable to my own Productions, I rather fear, I have but lightly touched it. Such Modesty (and I can assure the Reader, it is sincere) will

P R E F A C E.

will, I hope, in some Measure deserve his Indulgence. I am pleased with thinking so. Nevertheless, I will not rob *Vanity* of the *Tribute* it exacts of every *Author*. I ought to be kindly received for handling a Matter, that is *new*, and which may be said to have been hitherto forgot. This Praise is less conspicuous; but is perhaps as agreeable, as Success.

Monsieur DE LAGNI, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, a Gentleman of great Wit, and who, to Mathematical Exactness, joins all the Elegance of polite Learning; informed me of a *German*, who has wrote upon a Subject like *this*, though with a different Title. But after the
Mode

P R E F A C E.

Mode of those *Northern* Writers, his Book is stuffed with nothing but Passages and Citations. I did not take the Pains to read it, rather chusing, to deliver my own Sentiments, than to plume my self with borrowed Feathers. It is a servile Thing to subject ones self to Ideas, that are not of our own, but of a foreign Growth.

I know not, whether I may be permitted to prolong this Preface, by a small Remark. Perhaps some will find Fault with me, for not speaking of certain *melancholy Characters*, which nothing can excite to Pleasures, and who are *dull* and *uneasy* wherever they are. I foresaw this Objection, and must say, that the Prescription of a skillful
OT *Physi-*

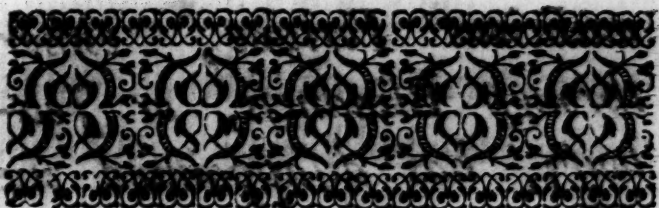
P R E F A C E.

Physician, is more necessary in that Case, than the Lectures of a rigid *Philosopher*. M. TSCHIRNHAUS, a Saxon Gentleman, was the first, who in one * Work, prescribed Recipes for the Cure, both of the *Mind*, and the *Body*. The *Success* disappointed his *Expectation*. If I may so say, such an Example frights me, and no Maxim is oftner inculcated than this, ~~We should learn to be Wise, from~~ *the Misfortunes of OTHERS.*

PARIS, July 21, 1714.

DES LANDES.

* See his Treatise, *De Medicinâ Mentis & Corporis*, &c. i. c. Of *Physic* for the *Mind* and *Body*.



TO

Madame DE M***



OW much, MADAM,
 are you to be la-
 mented, and how
 nearly am I touched with your
 Case! Born with all the en-
 gaging Charms of Wit and
 Beauty, that can adorn a
 young Person; you had Rea-
 son to promise your self the
 most agreeable Felicity: But
 mali-

EPISTLE.

malicious Fortune, either through Blindness, or Jealousy, has disappointed the Views of Nature. Your Charms are become the Prey of a rigid Husband. Subjected to whose Caprice, you see your self banished to the most remote Corner of a dull Country, where Wit passes for a Monster, in the literal Sense. How nauseous to your refined Taste, must be the unpolished Behaviour of those Creatures, who daily infest your House! With less Wit you would be more happy.

EPISTLE.

happy. But by a deplorable
Fatality, your Understanding
is become your Torment: E-
very Thing in the Country is
formal and reserved; there
is only seen an insipid Polite-
ness, made up of rustick, home-
bred, Compliments. Can You,
MADAME, condescend to this?
Your exquisite Taste, and the
Brightness of your Sentiments
assure me of the contrary.
How long and tedious must the
Days appear to you, in a
Place where no Body pre-
tends to THINK! I fear that
even your own Reflections,
notwith-

EPISTLE

notwithstanding the Wisdom
that conducts them, will at
length be tiresome to you. In
the mean Time, take Care that
you fall not into MELANCHOLY,
the four Effects of SPLEEN.
There is an ART of being
Easy at all Times, and in
all Places; this is the most cu-
rious, and most ingenious Art
which Nature has to offer.
I will endeavour to give an
exact Idea of it in this Work.
It will merit perhaps the Ap-
probation of Persons, who
love new and bold Flights.
To conclude; MADAME, you
ought

EPISTLE.

ought to be under some Obligation to me, for the Pains I have taken to make you EASY. The Heart had a greater Share in it, than the Head. Leave then, to the Purity and Delicacy of your own Thoughts, the Care of regulating your Acknowledgment; and I persuade my self, it will be attended with a sincere Return.

DES LANDES.

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in this WORK, &c.

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(1)



THE
ART
OF
Being EASY at all TIMES.



CHAP. I.
*What Genius is most happily
disposed for this Purpose.*



THE WORLD is a Theatre,
on which whatever is re-
presented appears too
cold and too languid for every
B Spectator;

Spectator; there is nothing New in it, nothing which can excite a lively Intention; the same Objects are always in View, and the very same Decorations; this must fatigue the Eye of the most careless Observer; neither is there any essential Difference in the Parts, or considerable Variety in the Characters: New Players succeed those who go off the Stage, but continue the same Gesture, and the same Habits. A Person of the least Penetration cannot mistake them. That rapid Motion which sweeps away every Thing, and which causes a perpetual Train of Revolutions in human Affairs, does not in the least change the Face of the Earth; which made the Duke of ROCHFOLCAULT say,

We

being easy at all Times. 3

*We ought to wonder at nothing,
but that we can wonder at all.*

ALL Ages are alike, and the World, at this Time, is not different from what it was in its Infancy. We see the same Follies, and the same Fopperies, which distinguished our Forefathers, revive amongst us; a great Inconstancy and Vanity, a mighty Love for that, which is false, or monstrous, a studied Fear of knowing our selves, and little Application to Things, which are most useful; as we perceive by the History of every Age. Such is the Depravity of human Nature, that the Tempers and Inclinations of Men never change, if I may so say. They are indebted to Interest or Self-love, for the dif-

4 *The ART of*

ferent Situations they may find themselves in. Nature, happily thrifty, seems to have committed the Particulars of our Conduct to their Charge. It is upon their Care and Skill, that all the play of our Passions depends; there is a hidden, but simple Art in all their Sallies and Emotions; and there is that true Science, which endeavours to discover their principal Relations and Correspondencies.

A just turn of Thought teaches Man what he owes to Interest or Self-love: Full of the Ideas it inspires him with, he makes himself Master of whatever Point he has in View, to which he can refer every Object that surrounds him. His Proceedings and his Thoughts never

being easy at all Times. 5

ver deviate from it. Indeed a too near Vicinity, or a too great Distance, exposes us to gross Error: These two Extremes cannot be avoided, but by a Kind of Study, which supposes great Exactness of Thought; and this Study is the principal Character which distinguishes great Men.

WE should not be uneasy and discontented in the World, did we not abandon our selves too much to the Sway of an unruly Imagination. Too favourable an Opinion of our selves, and a too severe Censure of the Slips of others, is the Cause that we cannot judge rightly of our own Actions. From whence a thousand false and ridiculous Ideas arise, which Pride in

B. 5

the

6 *The ART of*

the mean Time does not offer us,
but under a flattering Dress. Guid-
ed by these impatient Sallies, the
Mind dares not then remain in a
State of Tranquility and Rest; as
it happened to *Charles the Fifth*,
Emperor and King of *Spain*. Tired
with the Throne, he resolved to
taste the Charms which seemed to
lye hid in an obscure Condition;
but could not bear its Indolence:
*And the Day that he resigned the
Crown to his Son, was the very
Day in which he repented of ma-
king him such a Present* *.

Is it to Inconstancy of the Mind,
or the Malignity of the Heart,

* See *Strada's History of the Low-Country
Wars.*

that

being easy at all Times. 7

that we are to ascribe the small Account, which every one makes of his own Condition? Strange Folly! The Goods of Fortune, which cannot escape us insensibly, become the Object of our Contempt. The more promising and lively our Hope is, the fewer Charms seem to be in the Possession, succeeded by that Languor, which is the Effect of Tranquility; it blunts our Appetite, and palls our Taste.

THESE are the Fruits of that inexhaustible Spring of Desires, which incumber the Heart of Man. Seeing he cannot content them all at once, he turns himself to them successively, giving the Preference of a present, to a future Desire:

8 *The* ART *of*

So that Life is nothing, to speak properly, but a perpetual Round of Levity and Inconstancy. The same Things never present themselves twice to our Thoughts, in the same Manner. They change their Face and Figure, as we change the Object in View. The first Ideas are totally effaced, and Novelty, which has a singular Assurance to strike the Mind, admits others in their Place without any Examination. A Man who has once lost the Clue of Truth, is almost incapable of ever recovering it again; he may be said to resemble those unhappy Wretches, who were bewildered in the *Cretan* Labyrinth, and could not possibly get out by the same Path, thro' which they entered.

I AM

being easy at all Times. 9

I AM persuaded there must be somewhat inexpressibly fine and agreeable, in a Way of Thinking, not to be dazled too much with what passes in the World, and yet at the same Time, to be sufficiently touched with it. An Admiration too servile and submissive, surprizes and cramps the Mind, and makes it incline to unsatisfactory Objects. Attended by Prepossession, it does not know the Art of putting a just Estimate on the most common Things: This is the Cause of so many false Judgments we run into. It is very needful that the Passions, should raise a lively Fire in us, to excite and animate our Sentiments; but Prudence ought always to check us,

B 5

when-

10 *The ART of*

whenever we seek to be dazzled by them. To that End therefore, it ought to use a certain Grace, which renders its Authority amiable; for Man seems to be made dally to renew himself; and would fall into a stupid Indolence, if the Passions did not support him. Thus nicely managed, they agitate the Heart, and disquiet the Mind, without troubling the one, or debilitating the other.

Insensibility, reduced to a System, is, perhaps, one of the greatest Extravagancies of the antient Philosophy: It would persuade a Man to look on Good and Evil, with an equal Eye, at the same Time. This Bravery was nothing more than an artful Mask, to conceal

being easy at all Times. II
ceal innate Pride. We often de-
spise what others esteem, by I
know not what Kind of false
Greatness of Soul, that is made use
of to hide Reasons which are more
powerful. How deplorable there-
fore is our Condition! who are
made to enjoy Life, which is so
little worthy of our Concern, and
relinquish real Pleasures, to run
after chimerical Ideas? What
Good can, in Effect, be more ima-
ginary, than that Tranquility of
Soul, which refuses to hearken to
the most agreeable Passions? ARI-
STIPPUS, Chief of one of the
principal Sects of Greece, said with
a great deal of Art, *That we ought
to regulate our Life by our Sen-
ses, and not by our Thoughts.*
Our Thoughts strike us: What we

feel by our Senses we are interested in; and what Warmth therefore, ought we not to have, for Things in which we are nearly interested and concerned?

I OFTEN imagine with Pleasure, that high Posts and Honours were not invented, but to be Remedies at hand to divert Uneasiness of Mind. Given up wholly to his own Reflections, Man would be sensible of the utmost Extent of his own Weakness: But I shall say somewhat more, he could not agree with himself; Dignities, Preferments, Titles of Nobility, are always called in to his Relief: In a Word, even those imaginary Distinctions, which sometimes, nay frequently, impose upon Men of the strongest

being easy at all Times. 13

strongest Souls. I must needs observe, that Reason has often murmured at it, but to very little or no Purpose. After all, a great many would cruelly suffer, should they but lose sight of the Bulk of that pompous Retinue and Equipage that surround them. Weak Amusements, but such as our Vanity makes necessary! By Consequence we ought not to use them but with the greatest Caution, and only to have a Part in the Comedy which is acted in the World: It belongs to none but great Wits, to be meer Spectators of it; because they only are able to judge of it with a solid Discernment.

Throughly

14 *The ART of*

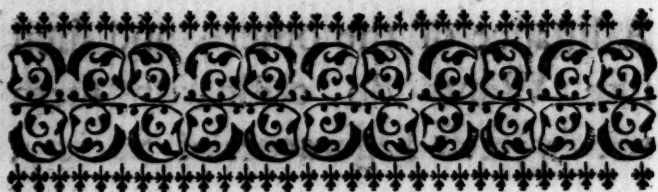
Thoroughly touched with the Pleasure of knowing our selves, every one ought to proportion the Value he is to put upon high Posts and Honours, to the Extent of his Genius; a certain Rule, and which indeed comprehends almost all the Science of the World. The less our Strength of Spirit is, the more we ought to avoid engaging our selves in publick Affairs: It is an infallible Way, agreeably to enter into the Commerce of Life: Nature, I believe, is willing, thereby, to make an indifferent Genius amends. The Part that is played by Wit, seems to be composed of all that is wanting, to that which is played by Fortune; at the same Time
one

being easy at all Times. 15

one always stands in need of the Assistance of the other; and such like Wants do ordinarily form the sweetest Ligaments of Society.



CHAP.



C H A P. II.

*Whether Men of Wit, are
more subject to be uneasy
in the World, than Fools?*



THE essential Character
of good Breeding con-
sists in an Exactness of
Taste, which extends so
far, as to be nice even to a Scruple.
Things rude and gross offend, and
a rustical Air affrights us. How
unhappy is our Condition! We do
not become refined, but to be
more

being easy at all Times. 17

more difficult in the Choice of our Pleasures, and in the Manner of using them. *Mademoiselle de SCUDERY* said with a becoming Grace, not to be expressed, that *Nature had been too liberal to her.* She was sensible, that a lively Discernment deprived her of a thousand Satisfaction, which amuse the greatest Part of Mankind. This Remark is, in my Opinion, very judicious, although it is due only to Self-love. There are certain Effusions of Heart, where Nature, simple and genuine, borrows, as it were, the Outside of Vanity; or rather, where Vanity becomes one of the principal Characters of Nature.

It is certain, that the delicate
Taste

Taste I have been speaking of, prevents a Man from being tired with himself; but it has not an equal Force, to render amiable the Conversation of those Persons with whom he is obliged to live. The least Trifles employ Persons of an ordinary Capacity. Incapable of pursuing laudable Views, they cannot rise to any Thing of Importance, nor please themselves with speculative Follies; the first Sight of any Object, both strikes and amuses them; to them nothing appears dull; nothing can chill them; they find a Diversion in Things of the least Elevation, or Ingenuity; and have an equal Satisfaction in reading either the Comedies of PLAUTUS or TERENCE. They know no Difference between that

Salt

being easy at all Times. 19

Salt which strikes the Taste of Polite Breeding, and those gross Buffooneries which are the Entertainment of the Mob. Spirits of this Make are never *uneasy*, they have not even Sense enough to comprehend how any one can be *so*: The most insipid Characters please them: An elegant Entertainment, and one where the Dishes are huddled together without Order or Decorum, are to them alike.

As for those who think, and think judiciously, they cannot divest themselves of I don't know what kind of external Appearance, which makes them often thought to be *uneasy*; not that they disdain polite Mirth, or that their Character disposes them to appear always
with

20 *The ART of*

with a *formal Look*; on the contrary, they love those select Societies of pleasant Companions, where Reason seems to forget its natural Severity, and permits Joy to sit smiling on their Brow; but these Assemblies must be summoned by the GRACES, and no Person permitted to enter, but those to whom they shall send a *Ticket*. This is what HORACE recommends in a fine Manner, in speaking of those pleasureable Meetings, where SCIPIO and LÆLIUS, two of the most illustrious Men among the *Romans*, were sure of the Friendship of *TERENCE*; *there are Places*, adds the Satirist, *where Folly is more suitable than Wisdom*.

We

being easy at all Times. 21

WE ought not therefore to be too critical upon the Flights of a lively Imagination, nor always to require strict Reasons for our Merriment. Such a rigid Behaviour is not agreeable to the Liberty and Profusion of Joy; nor, on the other hand, should we be too prodigal of our Gaiety, and expose it to all Sorts of Persons; we rarely meet with such as deserve to have it sacrificed to them. I remember to have read among many singular Instances, a Passage relating to the Countess of SUZE, wherein it is recorded, that *that Lady always appeared very grave in a withdrawing-Room at Court, but when she was in her own private Apartments, her Mirth knew*

22 *The ART of*

no Bounds; she used to say, That her Friends, only, could excite her Joy, and give her that Air of modest Assurance which renders Conversation agreeable. We enliven our selves most effectually, when we do it with a regular Precaution.

THOSE Persons, one may say, who are open to all the World, generally want Discretion: A Coquet without Art, and who receives with the same welcome the Applications of all People who are round about her, comes very short of the Attractives of a prudent Woman, who knows how to chuse her Company. Those Persons who have a truly fine Taste, are like the latter; we never see

being easy at all Times. 23

them abandon themselves to all Kinds of Pleasures ; those only who act so, as to be agreeable to the Heart, are taking with them.

It is certain a Man must suffer much in the World, whose Understanding is forc'd to be improved by all the Art which the most exquisite Philosophy can inspire : People who never think, and reason in a ridiculous manner ; those who let their Life run out in vain Desires, and consume it in idle Projects ; those who value nothing but the uncertain Favours of Fortune ; in a Word, those who always outrun Truth, are Wretches so common, that they destroy the very Harmony
of

24 *The ART of*

of Society: For what Satisfaction can that Conversation afford, which is too unequal, or too rough? It is very unhappy, it is daily exposed to the Contempt of those who join a lively Gaiety to a diverting Study: Can any thing be a greater Punishment to such, than to be among Persons who every Moment fall into Mistakes and Errors, and whose Imagination is filled with cold, senseless Thoughts, and chimerical Views? A fine musical Ear is not more grated by the false Concords of a whimsical and ill composed Concert.

THE Conversation in Life, to be rendered agreeable, ought to be supported both by that com-
pliable

being easy at all Times. 25

pliable merry Temper which polishes Behaviour, and that ingenious Art which enlivens the dullest Company: Without these Succours, Indolence will invade us, and draw after it Dryness and Rusticity. *Monsieur VOITURE* complains, with that pleasant Air which seasons some of his Letters, *That there was a Scarcity of Wit in the Place where he resided, and that the young Ladies there, were too foolish, to be attacked by such a Man as he.* For aught I know, the least Coquets fear the good Opinion that Men of Wit have of the Addresses they bestow on them, for they rarely declare themselves in their Favour; there is some Appearance of Reason in this Proceeding,

26 *The ART of*

ceeding, an Acknowledgment purchased seems to be a Due.

I SAY nothing of that sullen and austere Vanity which detains certain melancholy Students from the most witty Conversation : It is better to renounce the Gifts of Nature, than to pay for them by a perpetual Solitude. I should have been much of the Humour of the *Abderites*, who seeing the Philosopher DEMOCRITUS always alone, and abandoned to profound Reflections, sent for that celebrated Physician HIPPOCRATES, to cure him of that Kind of Folly, which rendered him useless to Society. HIPPOCRATES knew him, and gave him his just Character; but those who came near him, could never approve

being easy at all Times. 27

approve of that proud and disdainful Silence he affected. Ought *Melancholy* to be an Appendix to *Reason and Wisdom?*





C H A P. III.

*Of the Precautions we ought
to take, not to be tired and
uneasy with our selves.*



NOTHING perhaps can
be more useful, to
Man, than that delicate
Knowledge which en-
ables him to find agreeable Preserva-
tives in himself, against *Sadness* and
Chagrin; it is not altogether a na-
tural Talent, Art must interpose
to compleat it: Can Study be bet-

ter

being easy at all Times. 29

rer employed? In order to which, every one should furnish himself with a sufficient Stock of lively and copious Ideas of his own, to be serviceable in Occasions, where foreign and borrowed ones are wanting, without which he will discover infallible Signs of a low Bank; and should the Air of a Pilgrim please us so much, as to lose that which is natural?

The Mind has its Wants, and these Wants perhaps are as extensive as those of the Body; it requires that we govern it with Care, that we refine and render it more exact, more just and solid; its Temperature thereby becomes more firm and robust; but its Distempers are difficult to be cured.

30 *The ART of*

The principal of which, is an unaccountable Heaviness and sinking of the Spirits, that plunges Man into disconsolate Sadness; he then seeks, and cannot find, nor know himself; if Vanity lends him a bold and hardy Face, the secret Discontent he has within him becomes but the worse for it.

WE find but few Examples of this intrepid Resolution: Man is fearful of constraining himself, when he has no Prospect of any shining Advantage to make him amends for his Pains: On the contrary, it is a very common Thing to meet with those who will frankly confess that they are *tired*, and *uneasy* with *themselves*. The Moments they pass when alone, seem to be
Ages;

being easy at all Times. 31

Ages ; obliged to be always abroad, they cannot enjoy either, their own Thoughts, or their own Hearts; they may be compared to *jaundiced* People, who dare not look in a Glass, or any Thing that is transparent, for fear of being shock'd at their own Resemblance. Is there any Condition more sad than that, wherein a Man finds *himself* to be ill Company ?

PLEASURES cannot always attend us, and the more we enjoy them, the more their Vivacity diminishes. Our Friends sometimes fail us. The least Change in Fortune causes a thousand Alterations in the Sentiments. He that is most fertile in agreeable Inventions, may sufficiently vary his Ap-

petite for Pleasures, but can never satisfy it: From thence arises a perpetual Inquietude, the certain Torment of the Mind. How much then is a Man to be pitied, when he cannot be easy with himself! I have observed, that those who love immoderate Pleasures, fall into the most deadly Chagrin, whenever they are alone: They are incapable either to please or divert themselves, they pay by cruel Consequences, for the fine and exquisite Sensations they had, either at a Concert of Musick, or at a splendid Table; it may be said, that Nature repented of having been so indulgent to them: She has, on the contrary, the greatest Regard and Vigilance over those intellectual Debauchées, who try to solace

and

being easy at all Times. 33

and give a Loose to their Reason; divided betwixt Pleasures and studious Reflections, they know the Art of happily blending the one with the other, the Mind often courts the Friendship of the Body.

OVID, who was a great Master in the Art of living delicately, has said more than once; that the most engaging Moments of Life, seemed to him, to be those wherein he reflected upon past Pleasures; then it is, that the Mind puts on various Shapes, frequently changes its Postures, and becomes a true PROTEUS: Intent upon the Examination of an Object which had been pleasureable, she reviews every Circumstance that attended it, and collects a thousand diverting Incidents

Subno

C 5

dents

34 *The ART of*

dents, whose happy Assistance she invoked, and which a too eager Enjoyment in the Possession, then hindered her from taking Notice of; I wish this Maxim may not be understood of all the World.

WE see from hence, how we ought to prize those Moments we enjoy when alone; there is no Person so destitute, but that he may lay up in his Mind a Fund of delicious Thoughts, which he can make use of with Art: Such an amiable Provision, is the most necessary of all those that Youth offers to Man. Pleasures are not only of present Advantage; they are agreeable Seeds that the Heart receives, and which it discloses again as Occasion requires. The
Conduct

being easy at all Times. 35

Conduct of MARESCHAL DE BAS-
SOMPIERRE will in some Measure
illustrate what I have advanced;
this great Man being put under an
Arrest by the King's Command,
and sent to the *Bastile*; he there
undertook to write the History of
his own Life, and in a very remark-
able Manner set down, by Way of
Diary, whatever had befallen him;
and his Memory, as I have been
well assured, was not a Mask bor-
rowed by his Vanity. *Prosperity*,
and *Adversity*, those very diffe-
rent Conditions of human Life;
have, each of them, when over-
past, their respective Charms.

I BELIEVE that even those
Dangers we have happily run thro',
inspire the Soul with a particular

Kind of Bravery, which no Body has yet explained; it is altogether different from that which clouds the Mind, and deprives it of the Knowledge of Danger. VIRGIL said with a great Deal of Refinement: *Our Misfortunes ought to be precious to us, we cannot reflect upon them but with Pleasure.*

THIS I shall farther observe, to what I have said already. There is no rational Man who is not obliged sometimes to turn his Thoughts to inward Reflection; sensible of all his Wants, Nature has imposed this Law upon him, and it is the more valuable, because Reason highly confirms it. Just Reflection sharpens our Wit, refines our Judgment, and gives that check to all
our

being easy at all Times. 37

our Passions, which is necessary to hinder them from running into criminal Excess. In short, the Objects that surround us, strike us with more Vivacity, when we have sometimes taken Care to remove them out of our Sight, without which we become too familiar with Pleasures, and Habit diminishes their Value and Effect. Frequent Reviews of our selves renew, if I may so say, our Faculties both of Taste and Discernment; in the mean Time we are in dread, lest Ignorance or Vanity should render those Reviews bitter; these being the two fatal Rocks, on which Mankind are generally Ship-wracked.

THE Power of *Vanity* is very
exten-

extensive: She is a Coquet, who acts without Care or Caution, she hinders us from knowing our selves, the lightest Idea of human Frailty ruffles and discomposes us; from whence *Ignorance* proceeds: I am not surprized, that it has been always charming to Men, considering how many prevalent Reasons seem to favour it; Indolence of Spirit, the Example of Persons distinguished either by Birth or Employment, the Weakness of the Motives which oppose it, and above all, the Contempt that Learning seems to be fallen into; how difficult are these Obstacles to be overcome? At the same Time, nothing but Discretion can triumph over the most tiresom and pressing Uneasiness, and nothing is more
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glori-

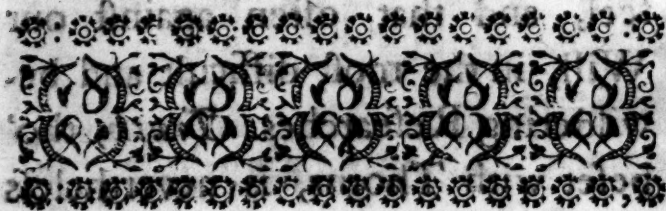
being easy at all Times. 39

glorious to it than the Pleasure we feel, and that often against our Will, in the most difficult and bewildering Researches. *Truth*, tho' beset with Thorns, is nevertheless grateful and welcome.

HE never wants Company, that is a Lover of the *Sciences*: We must freely own that they attend us every where, according to the Observation of CICERO, in his Oration for the Poet ARCHIAS. *They are with us in the City, they are with us in the Country, their Conversation has nothing in it that is hard or forced, and sweet Compliance seems to be their Character.* Can a Friend of theirs, that is but the least sensible of his own Advantage, desire any greater Fidelity?

CHAP.

glorious to it than the Pleasure we



grateful and welcome.

CHAP. IV.

*Of Places where we may be
weary and uneasy.*

TO me, Man seems to
make it his chief Business,
to prepossess others with
the same good Opinion he has of
himself. This is the Aim of the
greatest *Passions*, and the Origin
of the Troubles which they excite:
Vanity animates us in so tempting
a Manner, that we are dazzled by it.

CHAP. The

being easy at all Times. 41

The Air of Assurance which it spreads over all our Actions, makes us ardently desire the Publick would look on us in the same Point of Light; and sometimes we flatter our selves enough to believe it: The most active and pressing Movements of an ambitious Heart, tend wholly to place him well in the Esteem of the World: *Self-love* lays before him the most easy Methods to succeed: No Artifice, no Subtilty, is out of his Reach. I may venture to say it, those secret Ties which unite Men of certain Characters, have no other Foundation but a Harmony of Temper, and an Imperceptible Aptness to receive the same Impressions; by Consequence, the *Philosopher* who is always taken up with

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with dry and thorny Speculations, must be restless and uneasy at *Court*; and the *Courtier* full of his own Pride and chimerical Notions, flies the Schools, where all the Gravity of austere Philosophy presides. There are in Life, happy Situations and Entertainments for every Genius, and true Conduct and Wisdom consists in chusing the best.

EVERY Person is not qualified to go through the same Studies, neither can they draw from them an equal Advantage; those who have a clear and solid Understanding, familiarize themselves to the Thorns of *Geometry* or *Metaphysics*; those who conceive Things finely, draw lively and pleasing Ideas out of a florid Imagination. Grave
Auste-

being easy at all Times. 43

Austerity becomes the one, the genteel Air distinguishes the other : The same may be said of the different Places we find our selves in, and this Remark is worthy of singular Observation ; *Nature* is never more beautiful than in the Bounds which she prescribes to her self.

THE Dispositions of the Mind ought to be prudently managed : The *Court* requires the utmost Address and Refinement ; we shine more in the *City*, by being willing to shine less ; an ingenious Complaisance, and knowing, how to time a Panegyrick rightly, procures a free Access into the Palace of Princes. An unaccountable pedantick Air, supported by hard, out-of-the way

44 *The ART of*

way Words, and a Recital of incredible Stories, is more pleasing to a Country Taste, than a natural Gaiety. They esteem nothing but downright Bombast; a free and easy Conversation has nothing to do among them; Persons of Discernment, instantly perceive the troublesome Uneasiness, that these different Tempers create: The Eye is often deceived in them. T

THE Custom of the World will not allow us to affect obscure and profound Learning, in Places where the Imagination is to display it self in witty Sallies. *Greene* would have much less admired the sprightly Gaiety of ANACREON, if Study had clogged his libertine System of Pleasure. We are frequently

being easy at all Times. 45

quently put under greater Constraint to acquit our selves of what we owe to Decency and good Breeding, than of what we are indebted to Reason. Jealous of their Power, Men are not willing that the Rules they have established should be slighted; accordingly therefore, they judge only by Appearances. The illustrious SALMASIUS, one of the most judicious Criticks of the last Age, was, says Dr. PATIN in his *Letters*, fully convinced that he should make but an awkward Eigure at the Court of France, and for that Reason only, refused the tempting Offers that were made him by Cardinal RICHELIEU. Accustomed to the mute Conversation of his Books, and the Dryness of a learned Closter, he was
sen-

46 *The ART of*

sensible of his Deficiency in that Politeness which consists more in outward Address, than Sincerity and Affection; the Air of Liberty which he breathed in *Holland* pleased him much better. It is certain that those who are touched, with what is sublime in the Sciences, look upon the so-much-applauded Art of *doing every Thing with a Grace, as a meer superficial Occupation.* Nevertheless, without the Study of those little Regularities which have Respect to external Behaviour, we shall be always *uneasy* in the World: It makes us love, both that Friendship, in which the Heart seems to have some Share, and that Conversation, where the principal Business is to promote innocent Mirth.

Monsieur de St. EVREMOND, after a long Exile having obtained Permission, and being solicited to return to *France* again, durst not undertake the Journey. *What Rank*, said he very agreeably, *shall I hold in a Court, of whose Manners, I am now ignorant? Accustomed to the Air of my Face and Manner of Life, the English are willing to bear with me. Can I hope for the like Indulgence from young Frenchmen, who hate every Thing that gives them but the least Idea of the old Court?* Under this Reply was couched a fine Delicacy of Taste. A Man ought indeed to shun all Companies, wherein he is only admitted with the cold Formality used to Strangers:

† †

48 *The ART of*

gers: I know no Maxim in the Science of a Gentleman of greater Extent.

WE may believe (and not without Reason) that there can be no Retirement so lonesome and uncultivated, but Men of Wit will find a thousand Things to entertain them agreeably. Solitude sometimes frights, but never fatigues them. JEROM MAGIUS, a famous Engineer to the Republick of Venice, when he was taken by the Turks, resolved not be sad: But in spite of the Horrors of a cruel Prison, he there composed two excellent * Tracts, wherein we may

* One *de Equaleo*, of Horses, the other *de Timminabulis*, of Bells.

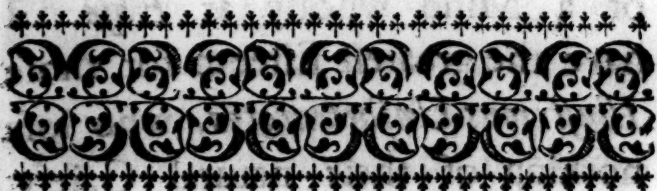
being easy at all Times. 49

find all the Elegance and Accuracy of a Mind wholly at *Ease*. I have the greatest Esteem for those *Illustrious Unfortunates*, who lose nothing of their natural Gaiety, either in a long Exile, or the Duration of Imprisonment. Superior to their Misfortunes, they know how to disburthen themselves of all that appears terrible under such Afflictions. The ingenious Complaints of *Count BUSSI RABUTIN*, discover less *Concern* for the Disasters which befel him, than they shew a superior *Courage* to bear them.



D

CHAP.



CHAP. V.

Of the Exile of OVID.



WE need not in the least
Question, but that the
whole *Court* of AUGUS-
TUS was concerned for the Banish-
ment of OVID; even the Empe-
ror himself ought to have been sor-
ry for it, although he thought him-
self obliged to punish him: His
fine Taste and good Sense bring
me into this Opinion. One can-
not, without Pain, persecute true
Merit;

being easy at all Times. 51

Merit; and the Hand that is lifted up against it, often refuses to strike the Blow. OVID had a merry Vein of Wit, a fertile Invention for the Conception of new Images, and always expressed them in a gay Manner; ever full of polite Views, he had the *Art* of *setting off* the dryest Topicks, and sometimes perhaps *embellished* them a little too much. His Imagination drew after the Life, and was always new; by *Study*, which ordinarily spoils the best natural Temper, he acquired that ingenuous Elegance which passes from the Mind to the Manners. I find Learning useless, and even hateful, when it does not qualify us for Conversation, and the mutual Offices of social Life.

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THE Works of OVID are full of the tender Charms of Love; they want, indeed, that Fire which rouses the greater Passions; but there is an inexpressible Sweetness in them, which is pleasing to all the World: A smooth and delicate Uniformity, which gains upon attentive *Readers*, and obliges them to compassionate the Sufferings of the *Author*, who so agreeably diverts them.

WE are ignorant of the true Reason of OVID's Disgrace: Some pretend it was a too open Engagement with the Daughter of AUGUSTUS, which ruined him; others ascribe the Cause of it to some wanton Verses, in his *Art of Love*.

But

being easy at all Times. 53

But whatever it was; it is certain that Piece is one of the most beautiful Productions of the Antients, and never was the Subject of *Galantry* handled with more Method. *Love* it self seems to have lent him all its Eloquence: Yet notwithstanding so many happy Talents, he was obliged to quit *Rome*, and to hide himself in a barbarous Country. The Description he gives of his Departure is so moving, that one has some Pleasure in seeing him miserable: In the third *Elegy* of his *TRISTIA*, he thus complains, * *I cannot with-*

D. 3

out

* Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in Urbe fuit;
Cum repeto noctem, quæ tot mihi cara reliquit;
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.

Jam

54 The ART of

out Tears, recat that cruel Night
in which I was obliged to quit
Rome, and every thing that was
most dear to me in the World; a
rigorous Order compelled me; not
being Master of my Reason, I
could hardly resolve to go. What
do I say? I was entirely like a
Man newly Thunder-struck, who

Jam propè lux aderat, quâ me discedere *Cæsar*
Finibus extremæ jusserat *Aufonia*.
Nec mens, nec spatium, fuerant satis apta parenti:
Torpuerant longâ pectora nostra morâ.
Non mihi fervorum, comitis non cura legendi;
Non aptæ profugo vestis opifve fuit.
Non aliter stupui, quàm qui *Jovis* ignibus ictus
Vivit; & est vitæ nescius ipse suæ.
Ut tamen hanc animo nubem dolor ipse removit,
Et tandem sensus convaluere mei;
Alloquor extremum mæstos abiturus amicos,
Qui modò de multis unus & alter erant.
Uxor amens flentem flens acrius ipsa tenebat,
Imbre per indignas usque cadente genas.
Nata procul *Libycis* aberat diversa sub oris;
Nec poterat lati certior esse mei.

knows

being easy at all Times. 55
knows not whether he is alive or
dead. When Reason had pacified
my first Surprize, I found my self
in the Arms of a dying Spouse,
and she pressed me tenderly. The
Tears of my Friends redoubled my
Despair; and I had the Sorrow to
behold but two or three who were
concerned for my Fate. The Pre-
paratives and Fore-runners either of
Pain or Pleasure, seem to me to be
what is most bitter, or most charm-
ing in human Life.

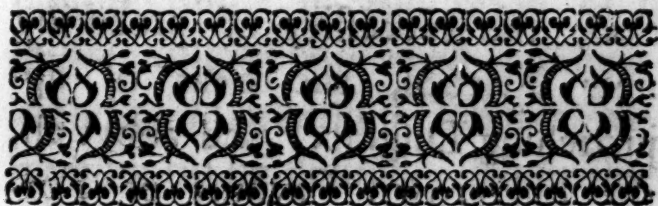
OVID died in his Exile, unable
to mitigate the Inclemency of AU-
GUSTUS. His only Employment
in the most savage Country of the
World, *Scythia*, was to lament
his Misfortunes, and to make his
Friends sensible of them. Total-

56 *The ART of*

ly deprived of Conversation, he gave himself up to the *Muses*, and they diverted his Melancholy: A *Sorrow* which expresses it self with so much *Art*, as OVID expresses *that* which he underwent, in my Opinion, seems too delicate, wholly to crush a fine Wit. Nay, I know not, but it may contribute to render Life less *uneasy*. The Heart will be employed, tho' disagreeably; it fears above all Things to languish in that dull and shameful *Idleness*, which *Self-love* looks upon as its most *cruel Rival*.



CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

*Reflections on such Things as
may render SOLITUDE
agreeable.*



HERE are peculiar happy
Moments for retiring
from the Bustle of the
World: A severe, but useless *Re-
pentance*, torments those who
know not how to make a right Use
of it. *Reason* is oftentimes too
licentious to hearken to it self: The

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Declen-

58 The ART of

Declension of a shining Reputation, the Necessity of procuring new Friends, the Fear of approaching Disgrace, and above all, the overgrown Favours of Fortune, point out to us the properest Time to seek an honourable Retreat. Then it is we retire from the World in its utmost Splendor; some few Hours after we begin to be *uneasy*. Sensible to nothing but what *strikes* them, *Men* would not therefore have the same *Actors*, and the same *Scenes* always before their Eyes: *Plain Novelty*, though less entertaining, pleases them more than *shining Uniformity*; such is the Temper of Mankind.

XERXES, so well known by the
formi-

being easy at all Times. 59

formidable Army he led into Greece, lived in the midst of a Court, where the most consummate and licentious Luxury left nothing to be desired. Nevertheless, not being satisfied with his Condition, he promised very great Rewards to those who should invent new Pleasures; and those who discovered that *Art*, had the surest Means of recommending themselves to his Favour.

THE same Capacity which sustains a great part, ought seasonably to renounce it. Enlightened by wise and useful Reflections, it consults its own Interest, less than those of others. Men who are fond of being admired, would oftentimes be excused from the Pain

60 *The ART of*

of fearing. CICERO, in his *Oration* for MARCELLUS, by representing to CÆSAR, *that he ought to live for himself*, thought to praise him in a delicate Manner. *All the World*, says he to him, *has admired the Regularity of your Designs, and the Rapidity of your Conquests: Sure of your Reputation, make it your whole Concern to enjoy YOUR SELF.* Such wise Councils do never startle *Self-love*; it often hides it self, to appear with the more Vivacity.

Familiarly accustomed, to those deluding Ideas which the World offers, we despise a calm *Retirement*, nevertheless it has its Charms, which make the Tumult of Affairs the more agreeably forgotten. *Leisure*

being easy at all Times. 61

sure, void of Care, opposes those Passions which are too impetuous and violent; but admits those which are soft and moving. That which is most fine and exquisite in the *Sentiments*, seems to be made for it. *Monsieur DE FONTENELLE* in praising the *Pastoral Life*, acknowledges it to be exempt from those Perturbations which seek Shew and Splendor, more than real Pleasure. Born in the midst of Plenty, Shepherds, *then*, had no other Employments, but what were wholly the Production of ingenious Idleness. Nature, ever smiling, and which sought not to frustrate their Views, pressed them to the true Enjoyment of Life. A thousand amorous Nothings, light and gentle Sporting,
I Trifles

62 The ART of

Trifles which would escape other Eyes, took up theirs. In a Word, the charming *Tranquility* we enjoy in the Country, seems to have given birth to *Gallantry*. If I may so say, this *Tranquility* resembles a Beauty, whose *Deshabillé* and negligent Habit is more graceful, than a studied and formal Finery. *Art* frequently *spoils*, what *Nature* took Care to *embellish*.

THE *Mind* is racked, when it strives to discharge all the Duties of Civil-Life. A secret Fear restrains; a Desire to please disturbs it continually; but it finds in *Retirement*, that sweet *Liberty* on which its Strength and Delicacy wholly depends. There it is, that the *Passions* lose all they inspire that is

being easy at all Times. 63

too audacious, and where the *Heart* borrows nothing of *Art*; its Sentiments are *lively*, without being *bold*, and *agreeable*, without being *careless*: And above all Things, *Fraud* and *Dissimulation* dare not corrupt them. VIRGIL, in his *Georgicks*, constantly made Use of these Touches, to adorn the elegant Description he has given us of the *Pastoral-Life* *. It is

* Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's
Laws,
Through known Effects can trace the secret
Cause.

His Mind possessing, in a quiet State,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
Nor envies he the Rich their happy Store,
Nor his own Peace disturbs, with Pity for the
Poor.

He feeds on Fruits which of their own accord,
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.

His

64 *The ART of*

is this, which properly belongs to the MUSES, and which softens the Austerity of their Wisdom. *Coquets* with that *Prudence* which renders *Coquetry amiable*, hate those Places which are too much frequented.

I AM apt to persuade my self the most delicious State is that which is farthest removed from the Distractions of the World; we escape a great many Anxieties and Vexa-

His Cares are *Eas'd* with intervals of Bliss;
 His little Children climbing for a Kiss, depend
 Welcome their Father's late return at Night;
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight;
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led,
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
 From whom th'austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.

Dryden's Virg. Georg. B. 2^d.

tions,

being easy at all Times. 65

tions, which are the constant Attendants on *Publick-Life*. There is sometimes a Greatness of Soul in flying from Danger: The less a Man corresponds with the glittering Objects which surround him, the farther he is removed from Constraint and *Uneasiness*; and the more solid is his Happiness. We should not be pleased with reading *Romanes*, and *Pastoral Poems*, did we not find in them the diverting Images of a rural Life. Calculated for the most agreeable Inclinations, those Writers represent a delicious Repose, preferable to all the Grandeur Ambition can inspire.

It is the *Pride* of *Man* that renders him unhappy, restless, hot, greedy,

65 *The ART of*

greedy of new Knowledge, he disquiets himself, and runs precipitately into Error; whereas, he should contentedly enjoy the Advantages which *Nature* offers him, liberal to none, but those who will not pry too far into *her* Secrets. EPICURUS is perhaps the first Author of this judicious Reflection; at least he has been very much applauded for it, by those Philosophers who have declared themselves in Favour of his Morality. HORACE sets it off in a charming Manner: Certainly no Body was fitter to do that, than he, born with all the Advantages, which form a wise Libertine; he was the Ornament of the *Court* of AUGUSTUS; but being a Friend to *Independen-ry*, he excused himself to the Emperor,

being easy at all Times. 67

peror, when he offered to make him *Secretary of State*. The highest Fortune cannot afford so tempting a Repose, as we find in a *Literatum Otium*.

I MUST observe here, that in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Miscellanies*, we find a very curious *Essay* on *Retirement*. This polite *English*, Gentleman had been employed in the most important Negotiations, and with great Success: He had likewise sufficiently distinguished himself to enjoy his own Merit; but when an unexpected *Revolution* seemed to call him to the highest Posts, he retired from Court, to give himself wholly up to Study. *Nothing is more agreeable*, says he, (in his *Essay* abovementioned) *than*

than the undisturbed Tranquility of a PHILOSOPHER who studies HIMSELF; he is not a Slave to Ambition, nor publick Employments: He is wholly taken up with a Desire to be wise and happy. Master of HIMSELF, he is exempt from that crowd of PASSIONS, which dispute with each other the sad Pleasure of tearing him to Pieces. His Prudence examines every Thing, but is not troublesome. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE speaks of a private Life, as one who made Choice of it by Judgment, and not by Affectation; he was fatigued with an illustrious Toil. Nature bestows on us but very few real Favours, and of this Truth we are thoroughly convinced; but by I know not what
Kind

being easy at all Times. 69

Kind of *Fatality*, we are the De-
stroyers of our own Happiness,
by placing our Affections on things
vain and trifling, altogether un-
worthy of, and unsatisfactory to,
a noble Mind.

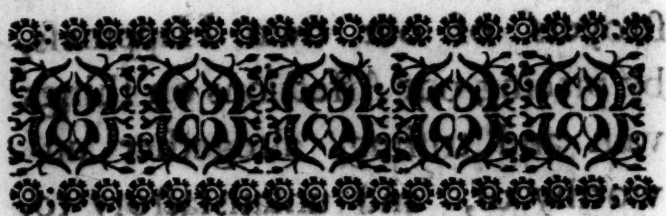
VII. C H A P.



kind: An insatiable Ambition, the
quently leads them into such dan-
gerous Climbs, where Nature is
almost unknown. Ambition that
wishes

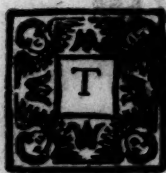
I

CHAP.



C H A P. VII.

*Of the Preference which
great Cities deserve, above
those Places which are less
frequented.*



THE most shameful *Pas-
sions* determine the For-
tune and Fate of Man-
kind: An *insatiable Avarice*, fre-
quently leads them into those bar-
barous Climates, where Nature is
almost unknown. *Ambition* that

SAHO

I

wastes

being easy at all Times. 71

wastes it self in chimerical Projects, separates them from the Sweets of a private Life, and plunges them into a thousand Discontents. Always a Prey to foolish Illusions, they can reach no Sanctuary, but to be driven out of it again by new Cares. Deceitful *Hope* amuses, and seduces their Credulity; if I may so say, it is like the fugitive Waters, which provoked the Thirst of the miserable TANTALUS, and did not provoke, but to betray.

THE Prospect of a troubled Ocean, which yields to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, is almost the Image of human Life. This Comparison has been finely illustrated by that celebrated *Flemish* Poet

Poet S. HOSSCHIUS, a Jesuit of *Antwerp*, who among all the Moderns, has best imitated TIBULLUS and PROPERTIUS. Every Man proposes to himself a fortunate Period, which he calls the Aim and End of his Labours; it is thereto he limits his Wishes, sometimes useless, always hasty. But can we believe it? This Period withdraws it self from him, the nearer he seems to make his Approaches towards it; false Appearances stop it for some Time: At length the Cloud breaks, the JUNO dissolves, and his covetous Desire is thereby but the more inflamed. How much do I lament the miserable Estate of Man! He would aim at a quiet Repose, and yet lets his whole Life pass in running to and fro.

being easy at all Times. 73

fro. Bloody Lawrels! uncertain
Honours! chimerical Reputation!
to you we Sacrifice our Cares:
What do I say? nay, our Pleasures,
and our Sentiments. The hoary
Head that is already nodding over
the Brink of the Grave, abandons
himself to the same Inquietudes,
as the most heedless Youth in this
degenerate Age, who by their Im-
petuosity, become the sad Sport
of the most violent Passions.

THO' we are Rational Creatures,
yet Reason is what we consult the
least: I may accost all Men, as an
Egyptian Priest did a certain Na-
tion, celebrated more for their
Wit, than their Judgment. O
Grecians, Grecians, *you will be al-
ways Children, and never enough*
E respect

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respect that Prudence whose Age
is so venerable! We do not in
Reality grow wise in the World,
by the Follies of those, who went
before us. We sometimes blame
them, and at other times, we imi-
tate them. The Follies of Fore-
Fathers, says the judicious Mon-
sieur FONTENELLE, are lost to their
Children: Be that as it will, Wis-
dom will not allow us to forsake
great Cities, for fear of meeting
with more Fops and ridiculous
Coxcombs there, than in those
which are less frequented. Such a
Whim can suit no Body, but Mo-
*LIERE'S Man-Hater *.* There is
a certain Quantity of Extravagan-

* *Le MISANTHROPE. Comedie.*

being easy at all Times. 75

cies spread among Men; their boldness, in some Places, repairs the Number of them.

WE are all born for *Society*; sensible of its Pleasures, we ought to be regularly accountable to it, for all our Actions, nay, sometimes for our very Thoughts. The Failings which are inseparable from our Conduct, contract the Ties of it. With too much *Perfection*, the Pride of Man would be intolerable; and who would submit to a Yoke, which every one believes, he ought to impose? However that be, this Yoke is imperceptible in great Cities. The different Ranks of Men are there undistinguished; and this Kind of Disorder, offers an

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Air of Liberty, hardly real, but lively and pleasing.

THE very reverse is seen in lesser Towns; Constraint, and a troublesome Formality, banishes all Freedom; and an awkward Behaviour, destroys whatever is grateful in *Social Life*. BALZAC being obliged to live in a remote Part of *France*, complained of it in many of his *Letters*. Although he naturally loved State and Grandeur, he was sensible, that Society suffered very much by it. It is said likewise, that his Conversation was easy and polite; happy had it been, could he have infused the same Vein into his *Letters*, which we are never pleased with reading a second Time,

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Time, after we have once perused them, to be informed of some particular Facts.

True Politeness, is very different from *Country Breeding*; it is naturally free and unconfined. An over starched Formality frights; and that mysterious Air, so destructive to pure and uncorrupt Nature, disgusts it. On the other hand, it rarely leaves capital Cities: I may safely say, that by a secret Charm, they attract all the Merit which shines in the Country; they polish and give it that Degree of Perfection, which gains the Applause of Posterity. Many a Man of Wit has lamented his coming to them too late. LIVY could never free himself from an inexpressible kind

of Rusticity, he had contracted at *Padua*: And the Works of CICE-RO, are said to favour of a certain Debility, peculiar to the Place of his Birth. All these Faults are, at this Distance of Time, to us undiscernable. A famous Philosopher, and who had studied the *Greek* Language not a little, was taken for a Stranger, by a Merchant of *Athens*. His Pronunciation, was not exact. There are Niceties of Taste, which are not to be acquired by Study. We ought to be well satisfied with our selves, when from our tender Infancy, we have had the Advantage of Improvement, by the Neighbourhood of a Court, and the Conversation of Persons, of fine Breeding.

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At the same Time, we cannot accomplish our selves in all capital Cities: *Monsieur de St. EVREMOND* allowed but Three, that were proper for a Man of Wit to fix in: Admired by the most indifferent Eyes, the Ruins of *Rome*, recal its antient Splendor; a precious Liberty is enjoyed at *London*, and the *French* Civility renders *Paris* the most amiable Abode in the World. In other Kingdoms, Pride, or Barbarity triumphs. Flattered by hopes which deceived him, *BUCHANAN* betook himself to *Lisbon*: He was an excellent Poet, and a judicious Historian: These Qualities were fatal to him, in a Country, where Merit is exposed to the Fury of a blind Zeal. He

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resolved to see *France* again, and happily returned to that Kingdom. We may ask Nature, why she takes so much Care, to make one Place more agreeable than another. Is this Injustice, or is it fantastical Humour?

It is certain, that those who apply themselves to the Sciences, ought to repair to capital Cities; there every Thing is to be enjoyed, that can enliven Study: Publick Libraries, learned Conferences; and lastly, Emulation: This is, if I may say it, the Soul of Refinement. The Works of *Monsieur LE PAYS*, have been read with some Pleasure, they have been admired, even in the *Assemblées* of *Ladies*, and at the Clubs of Citizens.

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Zens. This Author, was neither defective in Art, nor good Sense; but a narrow Fortune, having thrown him upon the Mountains of *Languedoc*; he acknowledges in one of his *Letters*, that his *Prose*, would have been more correct, and his *Verses* more elegant, if he had lived at *Paris*. The blind *God*, who presides over *Riches*, is seldom touched with the Sweetness of *Poetry*, or the Sublimity of *Eloquence*.

A PHILOSOPHER may, notwithstanding, chuse a remote and quiet *Retirement*. I owe this Concession, to the Memory of the famous DESCARTES. Capable to shake of the Yoke of a superstitious Admiration, he adventured to outdo the
E 5 Ancients,

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Ancients; and destined to produce new Ideas, taught Men the true *Art of Thinking*. This Period was the most illustrious of any, which ever had Regard to the Republick of Letters. DESCARTES retired into *Holland*, to give himself wholly up to his dear *Philosophy*. A solitary House hid him, for some Time, from the Acclamations of *Europe*; but he was at last known, and the illustrious CHRISTINA, *Queen of Sweden*, allured him to her Court: It is a Wrong done to the Publick, to withdraw from its Sight; for it seeks with as much Concern, the *Philosopher* who hides, as it shuns the *Poet*, who shews himself.

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CHAP. VIII.

*Whether studious Persons are
subject to Uneasiness?*

HE World is not yet cured
of a *Prejudice*, fatal to
the *Sciences*. It hinders
their Progress, and makes Idleness
triumph ; whose *Deshabilé* appears
with more Charms, than the most
magnificent *Dress*. A Yoke im-
posed by *Self-love*, becomes easy
and light. *Reason*, notwithstand-
ing its natural Pride, has often the

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Complaisance to submit to it. It is generally imagined, that a Man who devotes his Life to Reading and Meditation, does nothing; Ignorance condemns him; excited to it by every Thing that is most powerful, and pressing in Example, it proceeds even so far, as to make him believe that he is *dull* and *uneasy*. Strange Presumption, as unjust as it is blind! The Desire of Knowledge, how prevalent soever it be in Man, he has often been duped by Pride. Our Passions themselves supplant one another; and yet we think at the same Time, that we master them.

WE refer every Thing in the World, to the Progress of an imaginary Fortune. We extol those, who apply themselves wholly to it,
and

being easy at all Times. 85

and these Praises which the Heart sometimes condemns in secret, make a deep Impression. *Self-love* will always hold its own ; is it really just, that we should treat the Desire of amassing Riches, as a serious Occupation, and the Study of polishing the Mind, as a chimerical Employment? A fantastical and ridiculous Preference, and which is established to the Disgrace of Mankind! Ought we to buy the Honour of being *rational*? Certainly nothing merits more Esteem, than the Efforts of an enlightened Spirit ; the Ambition of *Scholars* has not been less happy, than that of Heroes. Laborious, and exact, the *Philosopher*, has often obliged Nature to come and give him an Account of her Works ;
bold

bold and commanding in his Expressions, the *Orator* tames rebellious Spirits; and delicate in his Thoughts, the *Poet* redoubles Pleasures, in discovering new manners of moving the Affections. Can we despise the nobleness of these Occupations? It is Nature her self who invites us, to treat a delicate, studious Leisure, honourably.

I DELIVER those *Scholars*, into the Hands of the most austere Criticks, who admire the Trifles of Antiquity; more solicitous to know what Men *have done*, than what they *ought to have done*. Let us blame all that has usurped the Place of Truth; extravagant Sublimity, and uncertain Systems, either

being easy at all Times. 87

ther of Physick, or History! Knowledge, false, or useless, is never excellent; but let us approve that Study, which renders the Offices of Life and Society most delicious.

I HAVE Reason to make all these Reflections. Eyes more vigilant than discerning, have sometimes demanded of me, an Account of my Leisure: An Ambition for Learning, and but little necessary to great Establishments, they objected to me as a Crime. I was sensible, that Vanity furnished them with such Language, and convinced them of it too; but they imagined by the bye, that it looked like a greater Air of Vanity to disregard their Advice: They were

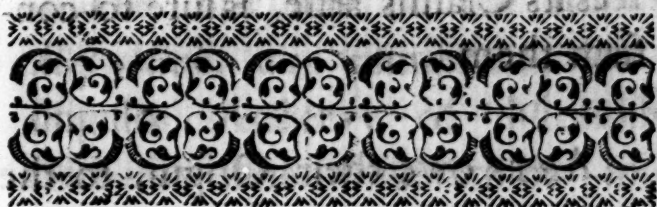
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were guided by Custom, and a general Prejudice that still disdains the *Sciences*, notwithstanding the Politeness to which they are arrived. I am ignorant of the Art of complying with them in this Point; and let the Publick judge, whether I ought to learn it to the Injury of my Understanding; it is dear to me, and perhaps I should sacrifice all to the Pleasure of improving it.



CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

*The Fear of Uneasiness, the
Rise of Pleasures.*



EN did not willingly at first submit to one another; a chimerical Notion of *Independency*, seduced their Vanity; it flatters them still, although it appears to be very far from their true Interest: Nothing but Necessity united them; less timorous than Reason, it acts imperiously

periously, and the same Day that sees its Claims arise, is sure to confirm them.

ARTS owe their Origin, to the different Wants that Men had of them, and these Wants were multiplied in Proportion, as good Sense got footing in the World: The more Men thought, the more they acted. A Competency, by creating Leisure, refines *Wit*, the faithful Companion of Ease and Repose, it studies nothing but to please it self: Such is the State of those who are happy. They always *Think* in an agreeable Manner, and the most indifferent Things, acquire new Graces, by passing through their *Imagination*.

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THE first Age of the *Roman Republick*, was remarkable for a singular Austerity of Manners. Barbarity was transformed into Love of the publick Good; and Actions the least natural, appeared to be most plausible. They had then no Idea of that true Greatness of Soul, which Reason inlightens, and which it conducts. Fury was a Virtue in Vogue; and the Hero who had triumphed over the Enemies of the State, did not blush to return to the Plough. But at length the Power of *Rome* got Ground: Delivered from those importunate Fears, to which its Weakness added great Weight, it began to bethink it self of being more Polite. Sentiments of humanity,

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manity, but inspired by noble
 Courage, succeeded the former
 Ferocity. I make a short Trip
 from hence, to the Age of AU-
 GUSTUS, so famous by the Ele-
 gance and Politeness which form-
 ed his Character: The Death of
 ANTONY, and the Defeat of young
 POMPEY, secured to him the Em-
 pire of the World. Having no
 more to conquer, he was apprehen-
 sive of being uneasy in the midst
 of his Court; and that Fear of his,
 happily ingenious, rendered it
 bright and magnificent. Poets a-
 bove all, were then well received:
 Their Flights agreeably flattered
 an Emperor, who knew the Art
 to be thoroughly touched by
 them.

NEVER

being easy at all Times. 93

NEVER were more Diversions
seen at *Rome*; the People were
impatient for them: Pleased with
these charming Novelties, and which
made them sensible of their Riches,
they crowded to the publick *Rings*
and the *Theatres*. A certain
Number of Magistrates were the
Comptrollers of them; and the
more graceful they made those
Shews to the Spectators, the more
they gained the Estimation of the
Emperor. The Love of *Pleasure*
almost always follows the Fear of
Uneasiness; and the highest Pitch
of Grandeur to which a Nation
can attain, is properly that, where-
in it delights moreover in publick
Games and Shews. Recent Ex-
amples, may confirm what I say;
but

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but I fear to give Instances. Things too near our own Age, please less than those which are offered by Antiquity.

It is certain, Pleasures were established, by Means of that sweet and ingenious Leisure, which a just Discernment prefers before the most shining Occupations. Study dares not characterise it; but heightens its principal Advantages: Such was the Leisure of PETRONIUS. Instructed in the *Art of refined Thinking*, he divided himself between Pleasures and Reflections; the former relieved his Application to Study, and exquisite Study heightened his Taste for the latter: This Mixture is worthy of singular Esteem. PETRONIUS was the Controller

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troller of the Games and Shews, where NERO came to be diverted. A prudent Libertine, he knew how to order a *Roman* Feast, so as to make it New every Moment. Nothing escaped him, which could any Way contribute to expel Melancholy and *Uneasiness*. The *PETRONIUS's* are necessary in voluptuous Courts. They banish thence, all that is rough and gross in a Debauch.

I SHALL make but few Reflections here on the Genius, that is most proper for those Refinements without Artifice, which Pleasures require. Scrupulous without Fear, and Nice without Affectation, it hearkens diligently, and renews it self every Day. Nothing does it
more

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more hurt than constant Application, or Employments too serious: It is certain, the Noise and Tumult of Business palls the Fancy. It insensibly loses all the Advantages which an ingenious *Independency* procures. OVID would never have left us so exact and gay a System of Love, had he always followed the *Bar*; for which, Family Reasons designed him. An Imagination chilled by the dry and abstracted Study of Laws, cannot extend to Views of Gallantry.

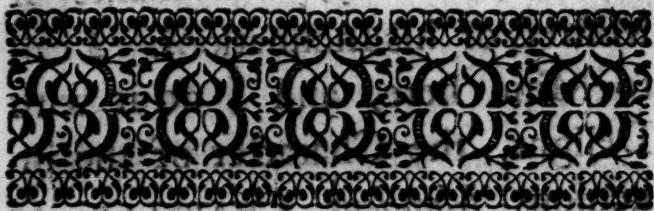
THERE are Dispositions of Spirit proper for every State. He that is sensible to the Attractives of Pleasure, disdains the Hurry and Shew of Affairs: Idle in Appearance, he secludes himself in a desirable

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sirable Obscurity, and makes it Mistress of his Inclinations. I call to Mind here, and I do it with Delight, the Character of the ingenious *Monsieur* CHAPELLE, so well known by the facetious Manner, in which he knew how to travel. He always feared the Engagements, he was advised to enter into with Fortune, and which none can engage in without Crime, or without Remorse. An agreeable Mediocrity animated his careless Indifference, and his Carelessness made him apprehensive of appearing upon the publick Stage. He loved Pleasures by Taste, and cultivated his Reason by Temper. I take this to be the surest Course, to avoid falling into hurtful Excesses,

F

CHAP.



CHAP. X.

*Reflections upon the Use we
ought to make of the Plea-
sures of the Table, to a-
void Uneasiness.*



WE cannot give our selves
new Tastes for Things:
A Man of Sense, strives
to keep and perfect those he has
received from Nature. An Ene-
my to chimerical Refinements, he
always consults the Dictates of his
Heart,

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Heart, Rules founded upon what he feels, and not upon what he thinks. We cannot hearken to, nor fear our selves too much. Those who are less discerning imagine, on the contrary, that Affections and Inclinations to particular Things, are the Effects of serious Study. By a Turn of Thought, both fantastical and ridiculous, they would have what pleases others, please them to the same Degree. What Extravagance! The Impressions of Nature are incommunicable: She is jealous of her Privileges, and at the same Time varies all her Works. The Portion of Pleasures appropriated to one Manner of Sensation, is entirely peculiar to that Sensation, and admits of no Dividend: If I

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may so say, it stands by it self. I hint this as a first View; those who shall think fit to carry it farther, may be pleased with it.

It is certain the more extensive our Affections are, the happier we live. LUCIAN compares them to obliging Hosts upon the Road, who are lavishly prodigal of their Welcomes and Caresses to every Traveller; their Compliments are so much the less to be suspected, as they are sudden and unpremeditated. *Art* dares not corrupt, what *Nature* offers without Constraint; but when she gives her self too great a Loose, *Passions* establish themselves on her Ruins, and cause so great a Disorder, that our Taste entirely vanishes. Hurried by
Corn-

being easy at all Times. 101

Compulsion, we lose all Relish of Pleasure.

THIS often happens at the most splendid Entertainments: At first, we are delighted to hear of the great Variety of Dishes and Deserts with which the Table is to be spread; and next, of the Purity of delicate Wines; at length we grow bold; and the Freedom which at first enlivened the Company, is at last insensibly converted into Fury: So closed the sad and fatal Debauch, where **CLYTUS** was assassinated. A bloody Poniard turned Pleasures into Horror; what could they do? They never assisted but at genteel and courteous Entertainments.

OLD *Rome* pretended to have borrowed true Politeness of the *Greeks*; but could never make it appear to adorn their Repasts. They were gross and insipid in the Nonage of the Republick. Succeeding Luxury studied nothing but the Price of *Ragousts*, without any Care of their Elegance. They preferred a Table spread at a great deal of Cost, before one, which was neat and delicate. Whimsical Caprice! Pleasures will be purchased by nothing, but lively and ardent Desires. They require no other Expence. I cannot believe that the chief Merit of a Repast, consists in an extravagant and far fetched Superfluity. Offer me *Falernian* Wine, whose Age I cannot

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not combat: Treat me with Oysters from the *Lucrine Lake*, *Minturnian Fish*, and Birds from *Colchos*. Will this absolutely content me? Unmoved, and regardless, at the Price of the Eatables, I shall find no Pleasure in them; if agreeable Company does not excite me to Mirth, and strive to make it sprightly. Happiness does not consist in being distinguished from other Men, but in enjoying more Pleasure than they generally do.

THEODORUS BEZA, whom I dare not praise as a Poet, though his Muse has a great deal of Fire, does not boast of the Magnificence of an Entertainment, he designed for his Friends. He only invites Pleasure.

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sure and Gaiety to come and preside at the Table. * *How grateful will it be, says he, when the God of Wine shall have banished gloomy Sadness, secret Melancholy, frivolous Disputes, and above all, Arguments drawn from austere Philosophy! Mirth will triumph over their Ruins, sufficient to excite the Envy of the Gods: Dare I speak it with Assurance? Pleasures which make us envied, seem to me to be the most desirable.*

I HAVE hinted, that good *Re-pasts* should excel in *Gaiety*, which is in my Opinion their chief Ornament, and if I may venture to say so,

* See his *Latin POEMS.*

their

being easy at all Times. 105

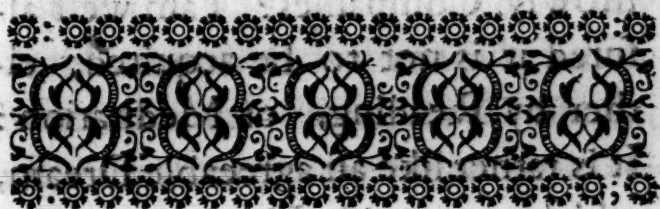
their true Character. Without its Assistance, we sadly languish; but there must be much Caution used to accomplish this Pleasure. Timorous and subject to a thousand capricious Niceties, the God of Mirth shuns numerous Assemblies, uncertain Characters, and all those in general, who exaggerate either Folly or Wisdom. Sometimes he makes his Escape, without letting us perceive his Flight.

Nothing certainly is more proper to drive away Sadness, than a well spread Table: The most wrinkled Forehead there, becomes smooth, and the most austere Gravity, insensibly borrows of Folly, that elegant Facetiousness which pleases, without being admired.

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Exqui-

Exquisite Wine takes off the Edge of Reason, and animates that Fire, which it endeavours to extinguish, by an inexpressible Decency. Then witty *Jests* go round, and please the more, if distant from a *Pun*. *Musick* adds no small Accession to innocent Mirth, especially when it is lively. *Songs* polite and full of Fire make that, which perhaps is too bold at such Entertainments of Freedom, be forgot: *Debauch* changes its Name; deprives it self of all its Roughness, and of all that is gross in it, by appearing under smiling Looks, or pleasing Thoughts. Can *Uneasiness* intrude into such Companies? or does it not make its Escape in an unperceivable Manner?



CHAP. XI.

What Kind of Genius is most proper to enliven Conversation.



HO' the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, has been published with great Applause, by *Monsieur l' Abbé DE BELLEGARDE*, yet that *Art* is not to be reduced to any certain Method. For what Method can give that fine Talent, which stimulates

and awakens the most languid and drowsy Companies? I am well assured it is not to be acquired, either by Reading, or Meditation: It is rather like an agreeable Dream, which we recal at Pleasure; but of which we know neither the Origin, nor the History.

Humour pleases more in Conversation than *Wit*: I don't wonder at it. *Humour* offers airy Fancies, genuine and naked; it finishes and perfects nothing. Satisfied with lightly touching upon what moves it, it passes from one Object to another with inexpressible Levity; which we like even against our Will. Crotchets and Conceits of this Kind, shew a bold Imagination, and can never enough
be

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be rewarded. We admire those pompous Knots and Beds of Flowers authorised, if I may say so, by Geometrical Principles; but the Eye is often more taken with the Prospect of a Garden, where a fantastick agreeable Variety reigns, and a Symetry projected, and left to its Chance by Nature. Too much Regularity tires and fatigues at last; Happy Flights of Fancy, quicken and excite Conversation. They are ordinarily the Talent of the Ladies. Born with less Exactness of Spirit, but with more Gaiety of Wit than Men, they ramble sometimes; and we love to ramble with them. *Coquetry*, which is the chief Fund of their *Humour*, allows them the Liberty of speaking a great many Things, that Men should

DIO. *The ART of*
should not venture to say, and
which they recollect with strict
Care. I have often perceived their
Discourses likewise to have been so
natural and perfect a Picture of the
Passions, that they animated them
in a violent Manner. When we
speak from the *Heart*, with what
a *decisive Air* do we then speak!
The same Turn of Wit which
renders the *Ladies* proper for Con-
versation, shines throughout the
Letters they write. We cannot
deprive them of that Applause.

We must not be too critically
severe, nor too profoundly learned,
amongst the *Polite*. Sweetness and
good Humour is of more account
with them, than *Science*. How
weary should I have been of the
Confe-

being easy at all Times. III

Conferences and Table-Talk of PLATO, ATHENÆUS, or PLUTARCH, which have been handed down to us with so much Care? Always strained, always austere, they laughed with serious Grimace, and could not divest themselves of that which Study has in it, either too sorrowful, or too sublime. There is a Way of saying little Things, preferable sometimes to that of saying great Ones; but this Talent is unknown to the Philosopher.

LIGHT Jestings, and genteel Pleasantry ought to be the Soul of Conversation. It whets the Wit, and takes it up superficially; which makes it hear and answer *à propos*. The Complaisance of others, in hearing us discourse, ought to meet

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meet with a reciprocal Return; at least we should oblige them, by an attentive Gesture, and studied Approbation. This Deportment pleases above all at Court. Persons of high Rank, are for being heard; and prefer the Attention that a Man of Wit gives them, before the Diligence he may use to divert them.

DR. GUY PATIN, knew the full Extent of this Maxim; and had likewise a great deal of Fire, which pleases in a witty Society. Formed upon reading the Ancients, he was Master of the *Art* of Railery, but rallied so closely sometimes, that he did not spare his best Friends. He was sought after with Pleasure, and none ever parted

ed

being easy at all Times. 113

ed from him, without a strong Desire to see him again. Illustrious Magistrates, such as *Monsieur LA-MOIGNON* *, were so charmed with his Conversation, that they offered him a Sum of Money to make him Amends, for the Time he was pleased to pass in their Company. This was somewhat extraordinary, and favoured more of the Manners of the *Antients*, than of our *Times*.

For my Part, I can imagin nothing to be a more agreeable Qualification in any Man, than *the Art of pleasing in Conversation*. Happily accomplished and unparelleled,

* Lord Chancellor of *Paris*.

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he is wished for every where; his Manners are sweet and gentle; his Views general, and accommodated to the different Wants of Society, determine his Way of acting. Such, *Monsieur* BAYLE informs us, was the celebrated BAUTRU, who for a long Time acted a very difficult Part at Court. Jesters by Profession, must take great Pains to succeed. They are exposed at the same Time, to Eyes which have too much Exactness, and too much Extent. *Monsieur* MENAGE informs us, that BAUTRU knew perfectly how to raise and animate the most drooping Conversations. This Praise is curious, and cannot be allowed but to a very few. Dryness and Indifference sometimes molest the best Companies. The
publick

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publick News is drained, to supply the Want of more agreeable Discourse. We look upon each other, as if we were at a Loss what to say; we grow weary and perfectly *uneasy* at last. Thus I am a faithful Painter of what frequently happens in the World. Of what great Assistance would the PATIN's, and the BAUTRU's be, at such a Crisis?



CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Of dull, or uneasy Characters.



WE are almost always *Dupes* either to our Judgment, our Memory, or our Imaginations; and sometimes too without perceiving it. This is the Cause of *uneasy* Characters. No Body dares shew himself without a Mask; every one is for appearing to the Eyes of the Publick, under a strange Dress. The World looks like

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like a magnificent Hall, wherein Nature exhibits the Masquerade; every one would pass there *incognito*, and we all strive to act the Part that least becomes us. At the same Time, the most agreeable Dress is that which is natural. A Fool, who offers nothing but Whims, gets the better of the *Philosopher* that is cramped, and fettered in his Wisdom. Generally nothing that is strained and starched can please, and what does not please, always becomes tiresome and *uneasy*.

Good Sense makes Men wise; and nothing in the World is more to be esteemed, than a sound Judgment, just, and incapable of being surprised. This notwithstanding

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ing forms the first Class of heavy, dull Characters. This Proposition is no Paradox. Observe those who would reduce every thing to general Ideas, those who would take hold of that only in the least Things, which has an inexpressible Essentiality, and is independent of common Usages; and we shall find that our Acquaintance with them has no Charms. They *think*, if I may so say, for the Honour of Thinking, but never to please. Their Sublimity is founded upon their Pride; and the Pride of Reason seems to be an incurable Malady. I am bold to affirm it, we are never more *Uneasy*, than when we are tired with *Wit*. These two Things do not seem made to be Neighbours
one

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one to the other; notwithstanding they meet but too often.

I KNOW all the Regards we owe to *Reason*, and believe we cannot withhold them from it, without a Crime; nevertheless it should sometimes forget and drop its Gravity, in the Embraces of Folly; for its Humour sometimes is very sad. And as *Sadness* is a cruel Enemy to *Self-love*, Men keep it as far from them as they well can. A little Extravagance renders them happy. There is another Kind of insipid Characters, much more hateful; I mean *Pedants*, who, upon Memory, build their principal Merit. At every Instant they recal whatever they have read. Content to appear learned, they are little concerned

to appear rational. Such is the Temper of those, who pay a blind Adoration to the *Antients*. They who are infected with this Madness, dare not speak from themselves. Cowardly superstitious, they know no other Merit in a *Book*, but its *Antiquity*; and the Antiquity of an Opinion, is that which strikes them.

SOME famous Authors have said in these latter Ages, that *meer Scholarship* is dull and insipid. It would domineer, and its Conceitedness hurts it. *Digressions*, sometimes full of a Disorder that dazzles; cold and icy *Histories*; long *Tales*, *Fests* and *Apophthegms*, taken from a Greek or Roman Author, are ordinarily the Furniture

of

being easy at all Times. 121

of those who aim at nothing, but to be thought meer Scholars: Strange Fancy! We should study only to merit the Attention, and secure the Approbation of the polite World. *Study* in the mean Time, almost always produces among them, quite contrary Effects.

As to the *Imagination*, that is less subject to appear tiresome. Bold, and wanton, it thinks of nothing but to amuse it self. This we may observe, is what sometimes excuses the *Ridicule*, that is imperceptibly entailed upon it; a *Ridicule* that acts likewise more visibly, when it is too much abandoned to it self. They who are made *Fools* by their *Imagination*,

G

are

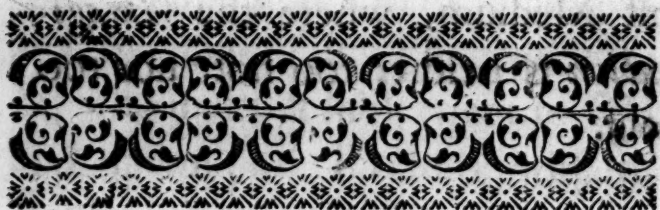
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are such as exaggerate its Lights with Transport, who can neither give any Account of it, nor govern it; or, who make it subservient to silly and chimerical Recitals with all Particularities and Circumstances. There are no Follies, which they do not incur, no Extravagancies, they do not attempt. That serene State, that Elegance of a quiet uniform Life, sometimes preferable to the greatest Employments, disturbs and disgusts them. I lament their Fate. Their Condition cannot be fixed, nor long agreeable. It depends on the Change of Modes, an insatiable Thirst after new Fashions and Inventions; an unaccountable Extravagance in Thought and Discourse.

being easy at all Times. 123

course. We seldom attain to that
just Medium, where the *Imagi-*
nation is neither too hot, nor too
cold.





C H A P. XIII.

*A farther Prosecution of the
same Subject.*

ALL that is *dull* and *tiresome* in the different Characters of Men, is to be ascribed to what I have just now said; and nothing is more easy, than to be convinced of it. General Views please the Mind, flatter its Vanity, and help its Indolence. We are for seeing a whole System
laid

being easy at all Times. 125

laid open with one Glance of the Eye; and the Acknowledgment we have for one Idea which includes a great many others, is always more lively than such Acknowledgment, when divided.

It is of Use, to know *tiresome* and *dull Characters*; but Decency will not always allow us to avoid them. Slaves almost to an Infinity of Passions, Man cannot shake off their Dominion. If he lived for himself, nothing would force him to be *uneasy*; but he is constrained to observe Measures, either with troublesome Neighbours, or with those who can establish his Fortune: Such Kind of Incumbrances are ever disagreeable. After all, as we enjoy the Conveni-

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ence of *Society*, it is but just that we should bear the Burden of it.

WE can hardly keep out of bad Company: Visits and Entertainments of pure Civility, form Conversations very *uneasy* it is true; but at the same Time very necessary. We are put in Mind thereby of what we mutually owe to each other, and receive Advantage by the *general Dispositions*, which *Nature* has distributed amongst *Men*; as I shall hereafter observe *. Those who know how to lead these *general Dispositions*, to *particular Dispositions*, become instantly Friends.

* See the xv. Chapter.

being easy at all Times. 127

I BELIEVE at the same Time we may be *easy* with Fools, by the Help of Raillery; and I find this Manner to be agreeable enough. The pleasant merry Tone, always keeps the Mind in Suspense, and renders it more attentive to what it has to say, than to hear others. By this means it staves off that which is presented to it, in a Manner not so very agreeable. *We should always go to our selves, when we cannot find our Account with others.*

ALL the Methods we can take to be Proof against *uneasy* Characters, are summed up in the Maxim I have here advanced. And therefore I shall not enlarge upon them

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any farther, Silence in my Opinion being more prudential. A sensible and judicious Writer should avoid particular Methods, whose Business depends upon the different Habits and Dispositions of every individual Genius.



CHAP.



CHAP. XIV.

*The different Views those
Persons may have, who
apply themselves to Read-
ing.*



ALL Men should propor-
tion their Knowledge to
their Necessities. Vain
Curiosity destroys them; and that
Curiosity which has no Measures,
is a Kind of Madness. One gives
himself up to the most remote An-
tiquity

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tiquity, and is possessed with a servile Admiration for Originals, and those often very contemptible; runs the Risque of getting Learning, which does him Discredit. Another is ignorant even of his *Mother-Tongue*, and yet is altogether for speaking that of the *Arabs*, and *Chaldeans*. Vanity sets them at Work; which is as much to be ascribed to Education, as to Temper. This makes Men place it before them, in almost all their Undertakings.

DIFFERENT Views inspire Men with an ardent Love for Study. I will now propose one, which will appear wholly new, and perhaps useful.

THERE

THERE is a VOID in *Life*, which can neither be filled up by *Business*, nor by *Pleasures*. Those Moments which seem in some Sort to be left to *Chance*, are the most difficult to be *employed*. I do not wonder at it. They are perfect *Blanks*. By Consequence therefore, a great deal of Skill is requisite, to make a right Use of them. The *Art* of *Painting* does not shine less in a *void* Part of the *Tablet* handsomely filled up, or in a *Point* of *Light* finely managed, than in the exact *Design* of the *Piece*. Little Things are not to be nicely handled without Pains; but when they are so handled, they cause a pleasing *Surprize*, and afford an engaging *Admiration*.

WE are maintained by Business; we are only allured by Pleasures. The Mind cannot then apply to Study; but the Interval between Business and Pleasure, should be consigned to *Reading*. Nothing but that can render it agreeable. Men are obliged to divide themselves between acting and reflecting. One of these without the other, seems to me very dull and tiresome.

THE Moments I speak of are too precious, to be applied indifferently to *all Sorts of Reading*. Few Writers deserve so much Favour at our Hands. They are influenced by Pride. Full of a Confidence which they cannot conceal,

being easy at all Times. 133

conceal, they sacrifice every Thing to the Pleasure of gaining a *Name*. Nay, for that Purpose they make use, even of Fear and Modesty. All Disguises become *Vanity*; and that is the principal Passion which an Author would gratify. It draws a great many Vices after it; false Judgments, chimerical Ideas, Desire of criticizing, and that of pleasing, even to the Prejudice of Truth. Learning should not be made instrumental to refine Passions. It is only designed to distinguish a small Number of happy Spirits, and to deliver them from Prepossessions and Ignorance, which generally blinds the Populace. Nevertheless, it is those who give them their greatest Vogue. We must own this to the Shame
of

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of Reason. A numerous Library is a *Rendezvous* of the most foolish *Chimeras*, and one of the greatest Extravagancies, which the Wit of Man can invent.

To what Authors then must we devote the leisure Moments we can spare from Business, and from Pleasures? Every one will decide this Question, according to his peculiar Fancy; it is subjected to the Prejudices of Education, to the Humours of a Mind, more or less cultivated; in a Word, to the Inconstancies of the Mode. My Answer shall be, according to the Light which *Reason* has given me. I *Thought*, and then I *Wrote*; and to the Shame of *Reason*, some Men *Write* first, and *Think* afterwards.

I KNOW but two Sorts of Authors, who deserve Esteem; those who *write to please*, and those to whom the Heart *dictates*, who *feel* what they *write*. The Number of good Books must consequently be very few; and that is no small Advantage to Reason. Then we should not need to allow too much Time for *Reading*; and yet be sorry that we cannot read all. For my Part, I wish that Authors who bury their Thoughts under a prodigious Heap of Citations and Passages, and those who at all Adventures, write the History of remote Ages, were all sacrificed to *good Sense*. *Hermetick* Philosophy, both antient and modern, deserves no greater Application, than

CLELIA,

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CLELIA, or the *Princess of Cleves*.

We ought to treat every Thing so,
that has the Air of *Romance*.

THE Author who will please,
makes choice of no Subjects, but
what are useful. I love to be taught
to think well in the Labours of the
Mind, and to be conducted into
those Worlds, where such an agreeable Variety is found; in a
Word, I love those who without
Gall, discover to me the Follies of
Men, and of those who endeavour
to ape them. I cannot sufficiently
express the Elegance, peculiar to
such Productions: Their very Ideas charm us. They never represent any gloomy Images, nor unwelcome melancholy Truths. If they write scrupulously, their Exactness
is

being easy at all Times. 137

is not distastful. If they give a Loose to their Genius, they accompany their humorous Fancies with so much Art and Gaiety, that we lay them down with Pain, and take them up again with Pleasure. Such is the Character of the Works of the famous *Monsieur* BAYLE; who would have made himself a greater Man, if he had had fewer Occasions of doing so.

I PASS from Authors who write to *Pleasure*, to those who *feel* what they *write*. The Effusions of an ingenious Heart, contain all the fine and exquisite Things, which Nature has to offer. They touch the Heart, and make the Understanding forget both its Haughtiness and Boldness. MONTAGNE says,
nothing

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nothing to me, but what he had *felt* himself, and obliges me to *feel* the same. Naked and free he offers himself, it may be said, in his *Deshabillé*, and his *Deshabillé* has Graces not so splendid, but more taking and agreeable, than the most studied *Dress*.

Madam DESHOULIERS chose me to be the Confidant of all the Impressions she had received from Nature, and she disclosed them with that Reserve and Discretion, which a fine Understanding suggests. What Charms are to be found in such Confidences!

PREPOSSESSED in our own Favour, we love those Authors who seek to please us; but we would not
have

being easy at all Times. 139

have them tell us so too openly.
We must let Men in all Affairs
have the Pleasure of *Divining*.
Jealous with Acknowledgment,
we would have an Author confide
in us, and we repay by *sincere*
Applauses, those very Things he
does but *feign* to discover to us.



CHAP.



CHAP. XV.

*Of the Delicacy which ought
to be used in conversing
with Women, to avoid
Uneasiness.*



OVERS are never weary
of being together. *Mon-*
sieur de la ROCHEFOU-
CAULT has given us the true Rea-
son, in the following Maxim, *All*
their Talk is of Themselves. He
could have said nothing more
kindly

being easy at all Times. 141

kindly in favour of LOVE. Of all Passions, this is the most lively and delightful. It perpetually furnishes new Subjects of Discourse, agreeably varied. The least Trifles amuse. What do I say? There are no Trifles between a Lover and his Mistress. Every Thing flatters them; every Thing recalls pleasing Images into their Minds, Images always new, and always useful.

THE illustrious *Monsieur FONTENELLE* has in his *Eclogues*, given us a general Idea, of amorous Conversation. How full of Charms! And how agreeably are those Charms supported, as well by Sweetness as Vivacity!

Heavens! what moving Words
did

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did SILVANIRA * hear! Thou
canst divine, thou, who knowest
what 'tis to love: Words dictated
by Love himself, which the indis-
ferent cannot imitate, which a
Lover can no where else repeat.
They were sometimes followed by
Silence. For want of Voice, their
conscious Eyes interchanged lively,
though languishing Looks, at once
timorous and pleasing, both soft
and wounding. ZELIDA blushed,
and that amiable Modesty was yet
more expressive of true Love, and
the charmed MIRENE discovered in
her Colour Secrets which her
Heart still half-concealed. Soon
after which, the History of their

* See the Second ECLOGUE.

being easy at all Times. 143

Loves revived, the happy Accident, where first their Souls were fired, the Place, even the Habit which ZELIDA wore. (nothing is indifferent to Hearts that feel the Dart) the first Rigours MIRENE had to bear; which the Shepherdess would hardly then allow, a thousand amorous Nothings, of no Importance, but to themselves alone. What Subjects of Discourse for contented Lovers!

It is certain, that Uneasiness is never found with Love; they have Interests, both one and the other, too different ever to agree together: Love is lively and active; Uneasiness dull and languid. No Treaty of Peace can be concluded between them. I shall therefore
Speak

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speaking only of the Conversation with Women we visit, by Decency, or Amusement. It requires a great deal of Art to know, and a little Boldness to please them. A timorous and uncultivated Spirit can never have a Sense of what is fine in their way of acting.

Society is a mutual Commerce where every one seeks to gain. Less necessary, but more ingenious than Laws, *Decency* saves the Honour of those who cheat, and the Self-love of those who are cheated. How much are we not indebted to it? Like a sovereign Prince, it does not fear becoming a *Bankrupt*. Its Revenues are founded upon our Wants; and our Wants are never exhausted. Thus *Decency* is altogether

being easy at all Times. 145

gether cleared and justified. Persons who are rational, profit by the grateful Offices it does them, and never refuse the Inconveniences which are inseparable from it. Good and bad, if I may say so, shake Hands. We rarely see a solid Felicity, or an obstinate Evil.

We should acquire the *Art* to make Conversations of pure *Decency* gay to us; and we want such an Art but too often. It consists, in speaking briskly of Things that touch us, or to recal Events, with which the World is taken up; and to recal them in a Way, that excites our Passions. This is a nice Piece of Skill, which is extraordinary, in that it augments our Strength, and relieves our Indolence,

H

with-

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without borrowing any foreign Assistance. Man will at first judge of himself, and then judge favourably; afterwards he will judge of others; and then judge conformably to his Passions. What a Pleasure is it to him, when he can believe that his Judgments are approved? An Idea so flattering, will not give him room to be uneasy.

We should seek lively, but gay, and grateful, facerious Pleasures, in Conversations of Amusement. They are the true Product of the Heart; and though it refuses nothing, it will have us purchase its Liberalities, by a sprightly Attention.

ALWAYS easy, and in good
Temper,

being easy at all Times. § 47

Temper'd Women never unfold themselves, but with those who please them; I do not wonder at it; they act by Transport, rather than by Reason; by somewhat unaccountable; that surprizes them, rather than by any deliberate Motives. We are not to look for a System of Principles; in their Minds or Hearts; they are not susceptible of it; but we are to seek it in their Dispositions. They would be beloved. The least Intrigue takes them up, and the Emotion that follows a Conversation of Gallantry, effectually persuades them.

THIS is the general Character of Women. There are necessary, and imperceptible Respects, which tye

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it to that of *Men*. There is an Order, which seems maliciously established, by Nature; an Order, which deprives Women of the Satisfaction of choosing, and Men of the Honour of glorying in the Choice they make. This Remark has more Truth in it, than may appear at first Sight. Every one should seek, in his own Character, that which may merit from him the Attention of the Ladies, and hold to that. The *Ladies* are made very like the *Philosophers*, who never swerve from the Points of Light, which originally strike them; whether through Laziness, or the Pride which attends first Discoveries, I know not. The Mask which has once pleased Women, pleases them always. Per-
suaded

being easy at all Times. 149

suaded of their own Discernment, they determine by the first Glance of the Eye; and the first Glance of the Eye flatters them more, than a Train of studied Reflections. But a Man does not enjoy their Constancy, unless he takes Care to offer himself always to their Eyes, under the same Colours. No Change ever happens in their Tastes.



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being
shaded of their own Discontentment,
they determine by the first Glance



tions. But a Man does not enjoy
their Company, unless he takes

CHAP. XVI.

WOMEN *less subject to be*
Uneasy than MEN.



HIS Concession is not
due, to any refined
Complaisance. I wish
it may not seem quite otherwise.
Philosophers easily decline that su-
perficial Politeness, which consists
in nothing but a deceitful outside;
and are not blamed for it. The
cynical Freedom of **DIOGENES**,

CHAP.

H

pleased

being easy at all Times. 151

pleased, perhaps, the famous Courtez-
an *Lois*, as much as the studied Ad-
dress of ARISTIPPUS. It is not to be
wondred at, Gallantry is sometimes
a *Converse* which *Disimulation*
and *Lying* do not corrupt.

I MAY then depend upon my Sin-
cerity; and shall not fear to affirm,
that the *Art of being always easy* in
the World, is a particular Appen-
dage of the Fair Sex. Skillful in
the Knowledge of the most secret
Movements of the Heart, they
form to themselves, what is most
agreeable to their own Sentiments.
The Care of adjusting their *Dress*,
the Study of new *Modes*, the De-
fire of preserving a *Conquest*, or of
disputing it with dangerous Rivals,
are enough to take up their Time

H 4 entirely.

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entirely. All their Knowledge is limited to the most common Usages of civil Life; and as these Usages are very extensive, they are rarely *uneasy*. An Intercourse that renews every Day, and which requires a very small Number of refined Views, submits the Mind to the Heart; and the Heart has the Complacence to hearken to it self, and take Care of its own Interests, in an agreeable Manner. *Men* have Wants which they cannot easily supply; this frequently flings them into a dull, and melancholy Inactivity. *Women*, on the contrary, have just as many *Wants*, as *Ways*, to content them. Accordingly, they are always in a pleasing Agitation: This Difference is worthy

being easy at all Times. 153

worthy to be explained. The *Wants* of *Men* are too great, or too fantastical: Those of *Women*, seem to me, to be more proportioned to their Character, and Condition. The *first* depend on a thousand Circumstances, which rarely jump together. The other issue from Desires, excited by *Nature* her self. We are to be pitied when we are delivered up to the uncertain Contingencies of Chance.

THE Temper that equally rests upon Pride and Delicacy, seems to me most proper to guard against *Uneasiness*; and this is the Temper, and Character of *Women*. They are proud enough to *resist*, and cunning enough to *surrender*. *Love* which refines Wit, disco-

§ 14 *The ART of* guided

vert to them a thousand welcomes;
and winning Inventions. It gives
them very earnest Solicitudes, Fear
of not having pleased enough,
strong Desires of another Inter-
view, in short, an agreeable Mix-
ture of Pleasures, and Pains.

This appears more, than any
where else, in the *Grand Saigni-
or's Seraglio*. Can austere Wil-
dom deny me Entrance there, for
one Moment? I believe, as Sir
PAUL RICAUT, and other Tra-
vellers observe, that the *Passions*
are more animated there, than in
any other Part of the World. So-
litude and Indolence gives them
Birth. Jealousy feeds, and De-
sire to gain a Master, who seems
to disdain the most tempting Ca-
resses,

being easy at all Times. 455

resses, carries them to the highest
Vigour. An inexhaustible Stock
of amorous Utenfils is requisite,
to make this a serious Occupation,
for the Term of Life.

XVII. CHAP.

CONCLUSION of the WORK.

The more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are

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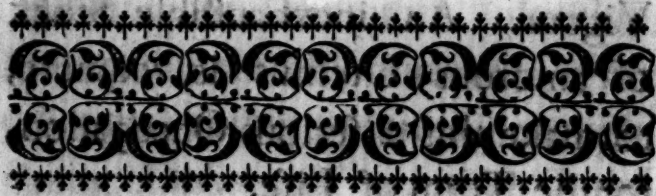
the more our Senses are

the more our Senses are



H 6

CHAP.



CHAP. XVII.

CONCLUSION of the WORK.

*The more our Senses are
employed, the less subject
are we to be Uneasy.*



AN would not be *un-*
happy, did he not *Think*;
and he *thinks* as much
through *Pride*, as *Necessity*. This
is the Cause of all his Errors. A
little Indiscretion and Rapidity in
the Mind, relieves, dissipates, and
takes

being easy at all Times. 357

takes from him the View of the Precipices, which surround him. Our Reflections destroy us; the more sensible we are, the more we discover the Wretchedness of our Condition. This Remark, to me, seems useful; and if it be rash, its Rashness is not blameable. *It was not the Intention of Nature,* says a judicious Author, *that we should Think with a great deal of Refinement.* Susceptible of an ingenious Malignity, she orders us to enjoy the Goods she offers, and to enjoy them, without too much Curiosity. A Knowledge too extensive, weakens the most lively Taste; and Pleasures gain by being but lightly glanced upon, what they lose by being too narrowly inspected.

Is

Is the *Philosopher* who sits at the Opera, and studies how the Decorations, and Machines, are disposed, so as to strike us in an agreeable Manner, at a great Distance, so happy as the ignorant Spectator, who minds nothing but the outward Shew that strikes him? The first will Think, and gives himself useless Pains; the second is only for pleasing his Senses, and is always agreeably moved. Sensation establishes a Happiness, which Thought destroys.

WERE it my Business to strike at the most shining Prepossessions, I would confess that Reason is sad, and even useless, when it would exalt us, above every Thing, by
Thought:

being easy at all Times. 119

Thought: It becomes very favourable and charming, in reducing us to every Thing by Action. That is properly the Art of Sense. Speculative, and far fetched Views, but at the same Time cold and barren, fatigue, and oppress the Mind. It cannot long bear the Weight of those which are too abstracted, nor give it self up to those which are too dry, tho', of the Two, the most useful Speculations. *Reason* must be diverted. It loses and forgets it self, if it does not keep a favourable Correspondence with the Objects, which are round about it. More restless than the Mariner, in the boundless Ocean, it knows then no Point, where it would fix. This produces a dull, and languid, Uneasiness.

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REA-

REASON, which is for making the Senses trundle to her, exposes *Man* to an inevitable Train of Verations. He then ceases to be moved. A certain Stupidity, judicious in the Bottom, and full of Wisdom, usurps his Heart. He feeds upon Reflections, and divorces himself, if I may so say, from the Conversation of the World. It is that Reason, which has produced all we see useless in the *Sciences*. They were not designed for *Wants*, so much as to be entertaining, because there must be a fine Wit to content them: We have seen quite the contrary. The *Sciences* are now become a serious Occupation.

WE

being easy at all Times. 161

WE should not incumber our
selves, but with such Things as
are really useful; and nothing is
useful to a sensible Man, but what
makes him act in a lively, chearful
Manner, and is always new. It
is mere Slavery to think too
much. For that Purpose, there is
need of a Regimen, and Atten-
tion, which requires infinite Pains.
It is good to decline them. No-
thing destroys the firmest Health
more effectually, than continual
Application to preserve it. Pru-
dence is more to be esteemed;
than an ingenious Precipitation;
but at the same Time, it is not so
pleasurable.

TRUE Happiness is to be found
in

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in the Sentiments. It appears
 there in that genuine Simplicity,
 which Pride dares not corrupt; and
 that genuine Simplicity, is the most
 delicious Thing in the World, if
 I may venture to say so: It arises
 from certain Views, conducted by
 external Objects, and is so much the
 more charming, because they ne-
 ver fall short of what they pro-
 mise. *Man* is rarely cheated by
 what he feels. He sometimes
 gives in too much to chimerical
 Notions; but he never mistakes,
 when his Business is to be agree-
 ably moved and affected. For
 the better relishing, and Improve-
 ment of what is offered us by the
 Senses, we should reject all *Pass-*
sions which proceed from *Nature*,
 and draw others out of them on
 their

being easy at all Times. 163

their Model. These last, will be less impetuous, and, will have more Affinity to our Interests; and finally, to our Manner of acting with those Persons, whose Friendship we seek. This Occupation is not worthy of a Great Man.

By this Time it is easy to be perceived, that the *Art of Thinking*, and the *Art of being easy at all Times*, and *in all Places*, are joined by the strictest Alliance: And that the Alliance which proceeds from a reasonable, though voluptuous Appetite, is the Characteristick, and principal Foundation, of this small, though I hope useful, Treatise.

F I N I S.

being easy at all Times. 183
their Model. These last, will be
less impetuous, and will have
more Affinity to our Interests, and
finally, to our Manner of acting
with those Persons, whose Friend-
ship we seek. This Occupation is
not worthy of a Great Man.

By this Time it is easy to be per-
ceived, that the Art of Thinking,
and the Art of being easy at all
Times, and **Good Works**, are join-
ed by the strict Alliance: And
that the Alliance which proceeds
from a reasonable, though volup-
tuous Appetite, is the Characteris-
tick, and principal Foundation, of
this small, though I hope useful,

Treatise. I hope I have not
been too long in writing it.

W. A. S.

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